



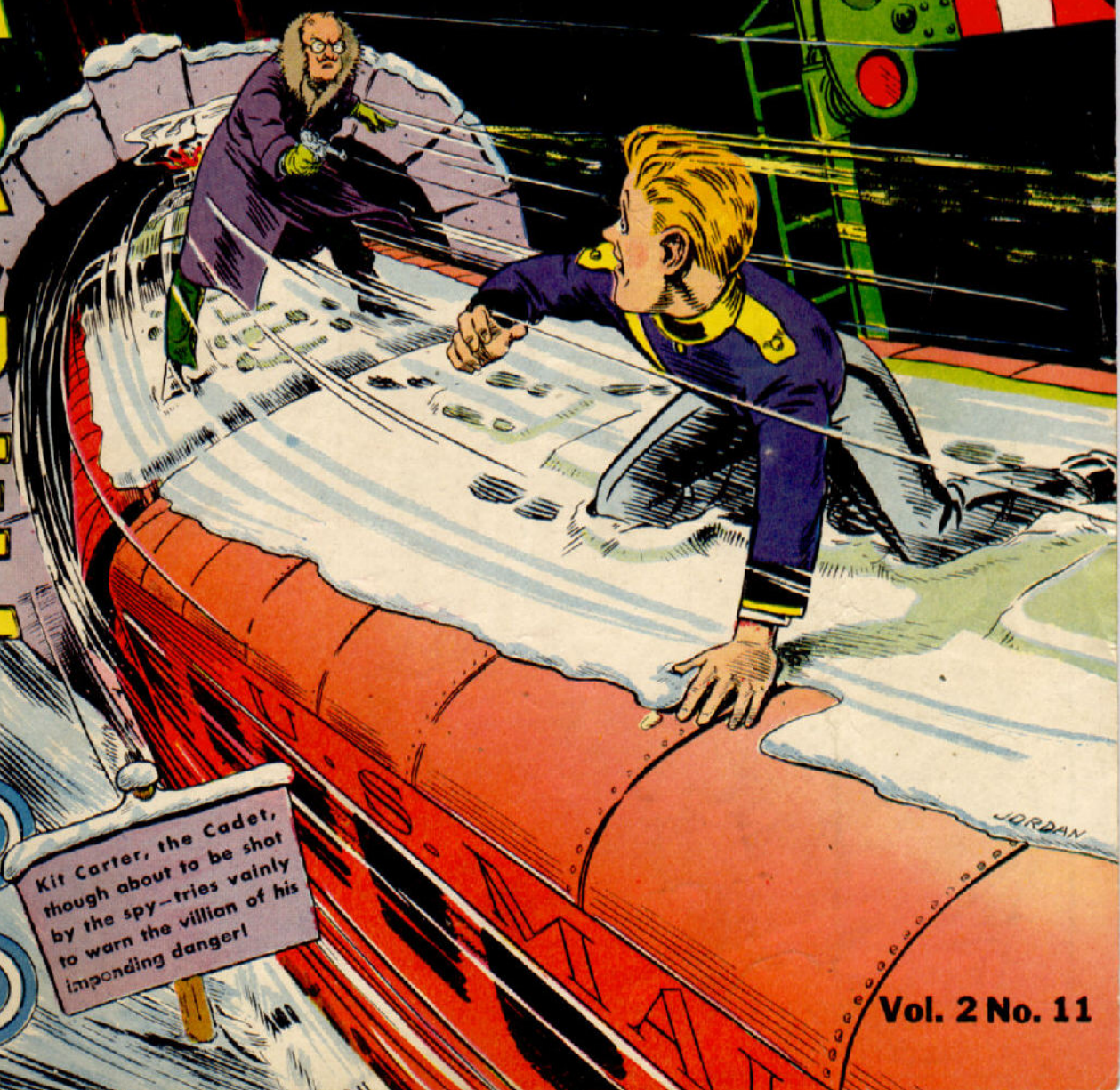
CHAMELEON • THE CADET • SPACEHAWK

January 

TARGET COMICS

10¢

T
A
R
G
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T



Kit Carter, the Cadet, though about to be shot by the spy—tries vainly to warn the villain of his impending danger!

Vol. 2 No. 11



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$100 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$100

Dear Readers:

So many letters have reached us telling us that TARGET clubs have been organized, that we wonder how many such clubs are in existence of which we have not heard. We think this is an excellent idea and hope that all those who have such groups and have not written to us will do so. Tell us, please, how your club is following the lead of your favorite characters in making the world a better place in which to live.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the September issue of Target Comics, and it seems that the stories become better in each issue. I have only one kick, and that is about the comic strip, Bull's Eye Bill. I have read about Bull's Eye Bill in many issues and like his thrilling episodes, but in this issue Bill doesn't go into action but sits on a chair and listens to stories of old timers. I ask you, is that fair to the hero? Who wants to hear about stories? My friends and I like to see Bull's Eye Bill in action. How's the chances of putting Bill into action instead of listening to the stories?

A steady reader of Target,
Buddy McCallister
Baltimore, Md.

—(Actually, Buddy, it was the "old timers" who had plenty of action in their lives, but if you'll stay with us, Bill himself is sure to "ride again.")

Dear Editor:

I think you have a splendid comic book. I enjoy the Target immensely and so do the other kids on our block.

We've formed a Cadet Club. We think you made a wise move when you get rid of Calling 2-R and got the Cadet instead. He's more real to life and does things that can't be branded as impossible. In fact, he's our favorite.

The twenty members in our club

make a mad dash for each new Target and we think it would be grand if a special issue of the Cadet would be published. Although others are of a different opinion, we're for the Cadet one hundred per cent.

Cadet's Faithful reader,
D. Whitlow
Carlsbad, New Mexico

—(We think Kit Carter is a well chosen leader for your club. Best wishes to all twenty of the members.)

Gentlemen:

I wish to express my thanks to you and your comic book for giving me and my school mates many a pleasant hour. I go to a private school and we don't get out much. One of our best pastimes is reading comics. I have to hide mine every time for fear some of the other girls will take my Target Comics, for if it once gets out of my hands it runs the gauntlet of some eighty-four girls. I took a poll of the comic books. Target came out on top, of course. Then I wondered, "What's the matter with me?" and while I took the votes I asked the girls to put down the story in Target that they liked best and the comment they had to make on it. They like the Cadet best. Why, because anything military these days hits the spot.

Second, they liked the Target. In a

close third is the Chameleon, except for his costume.

This is the result of my comic poll. I hope that this will help you as much as it gave me joy in taking it.

Yours truly,
Joan Roffington
Los Angeles, California

—(Yes, Joan, the poll does help us. We'd like to have other groups follow example and let us know the results.)

Dear Editors:

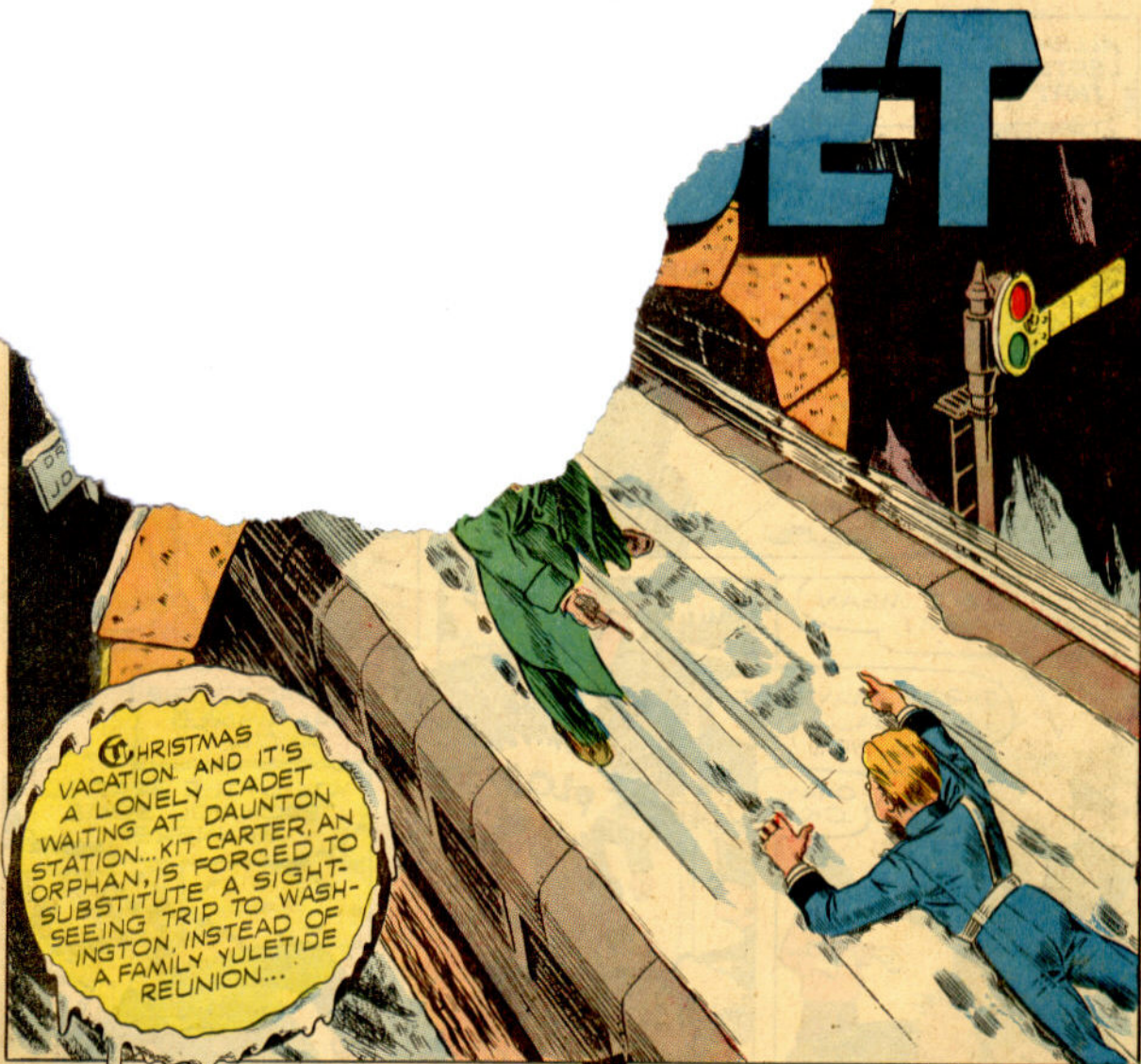
I have just finished reading my first Target and take advantage of Ye Editors' Page to let you know this is tops.

The trouble with most comic books is that they may have one good feature and the rest terrible. However, I have discovered they are all very good features in Target. I like the Target and Spacehawk most. My complaint is that there is not enough humor in Target. Most of the stories are unnecessarily grim. Let Spacehawk smile a little anyhow. You and your cartoonists have my congratulations for the grand job you are doing with Target Comics.

Lloyd Gola
St. Clair Shores
Michigan

—(You have a very good point there, Lloyd. We agree that a smile is always welcome and we are going to pass the idea along to our artists.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



ALLEN! JOSETTE!
LESTER AND WYLIE!
THAT THIS MINUTE!



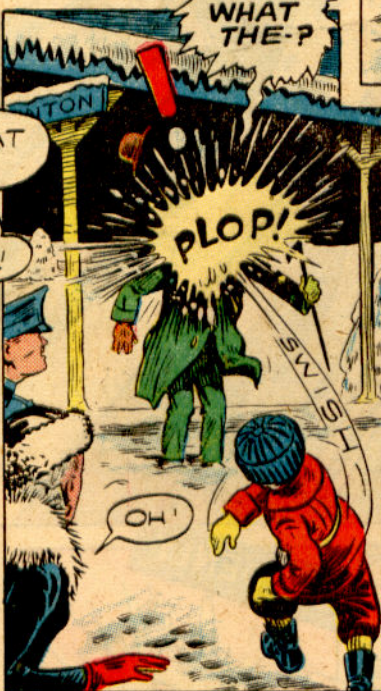
OH...HE DIDN'T MEAN
ANY HARM!

THROW AWAY THAT
SNOWBALL, I
TELL YOU!

OKAY...
OKAY!



WHAT
THE-?



OH!

ENRAGED, THE
MAN WHIRLS
AND...

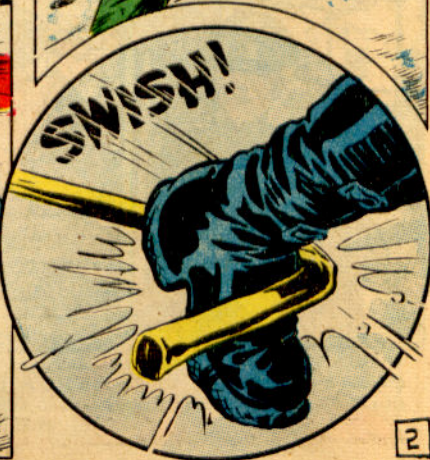
YOU LITTLE BRAT! I'LL
TEACH YOU SOME
MANNERS!



HEY! HE'S ONLY
A CHILD!

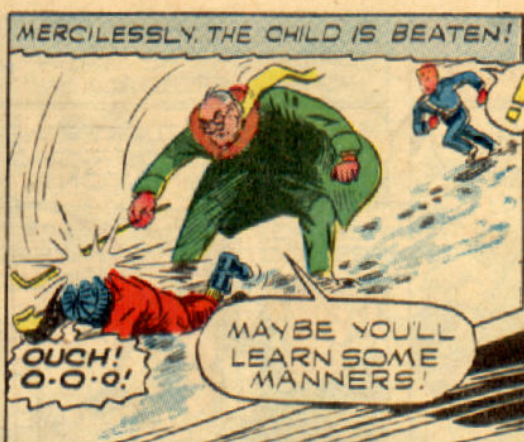


OH-OH!



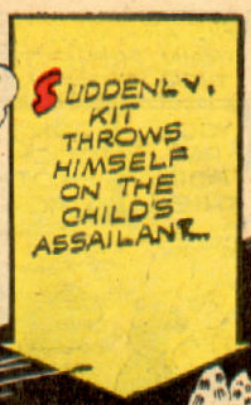


THIS'LL TEACH YOU!

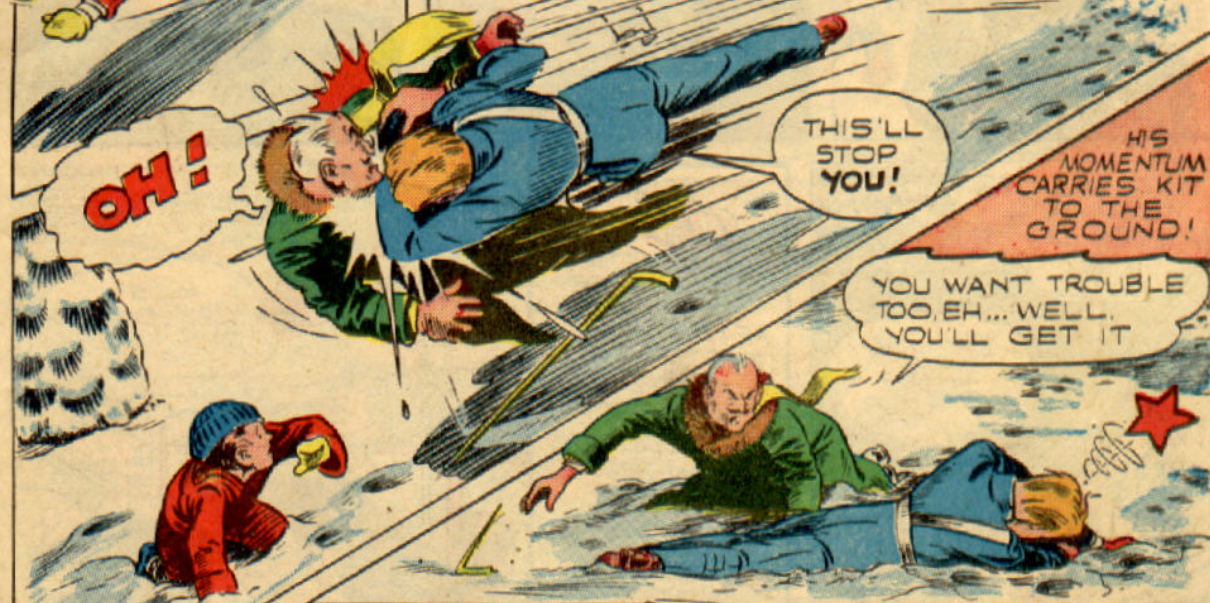


OUCH!
O-O-O!

MAYBE YOU'LL
LEARN SOME
MANNERS!



SUDDENLY,
KIT
THROWS
HIMSELF
ON THE
CHILD'S
ASSAILANT...



OH!

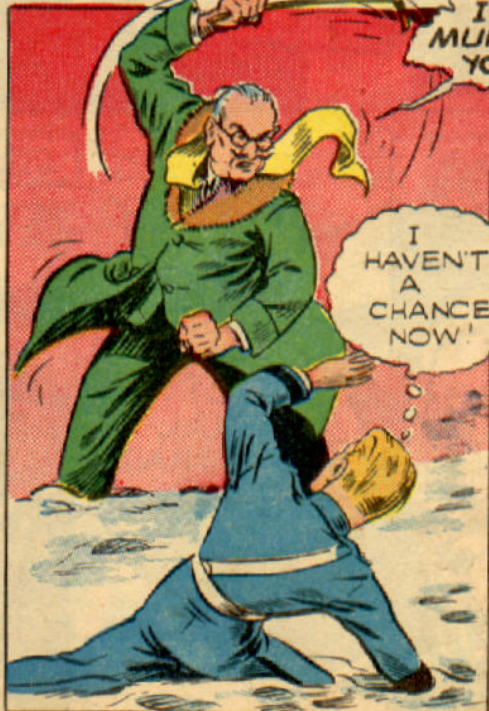
THIS'LL
STOP
YOU!

HIS
MOMENTUM
CARRIES KIT
TO THE
GROUND!

YOU WANT TROUBLE
TOO, EH... WELL,
YOU'LL GET IT

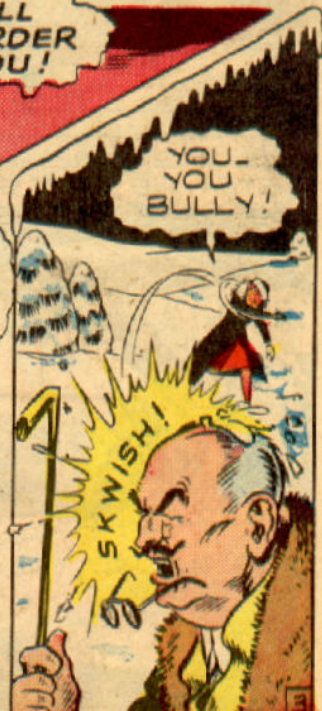


LOOK OUT!
HE'LL KILL
YOU!



I'LL
MURDER
YOU!

I
HAVEN'T
A
CHANCE
NOW!



YOU-
YOU
BULLY!

SKWISH!

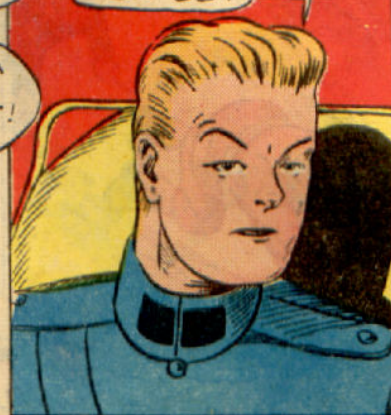
THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN PREVENTS FURTHER FIGHTING!



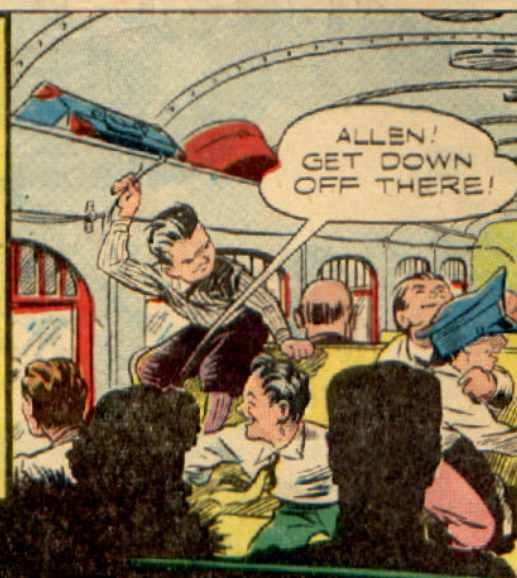
MINUTES LATER IN A COACH ON THE WASHINGTON SPECIAL...

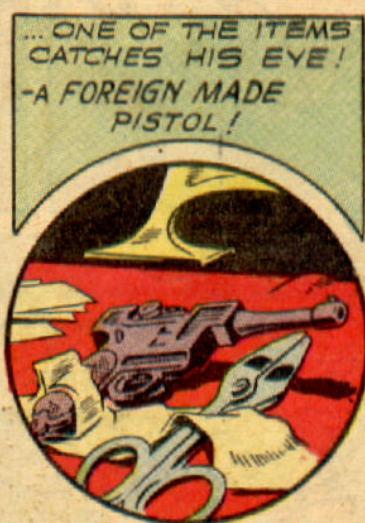
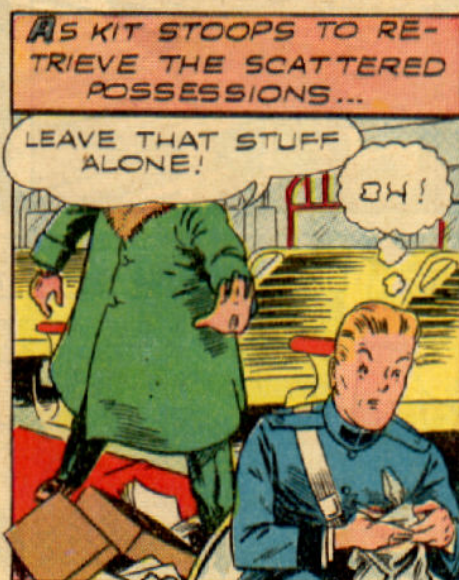
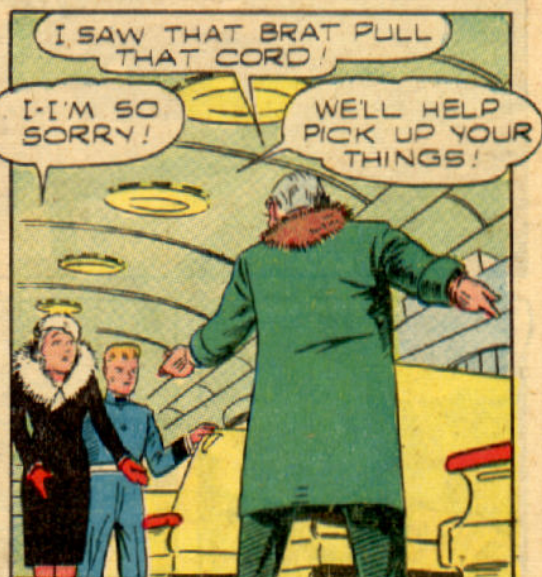
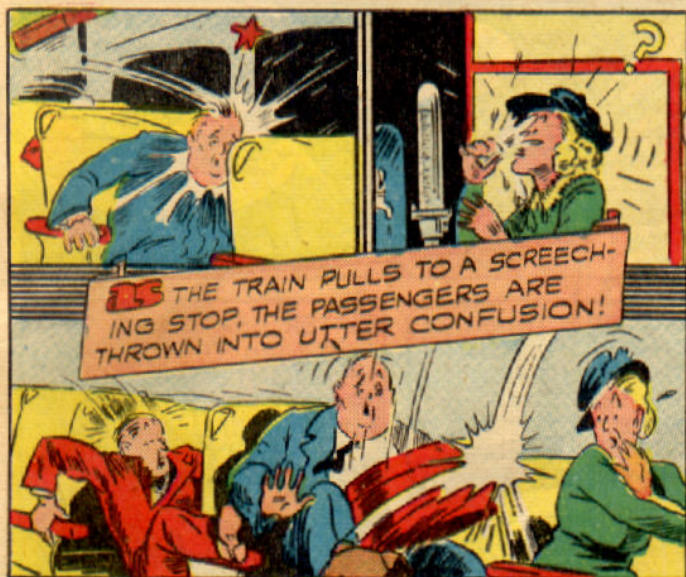


HMM... OUR CHILD BEATING FRIEND IS RIGHT DOWN THE AISLE AND LOOKS LIKE HE'S WISHING THE PLAGUE ON US!



AS
HOUR AFTER HOUR, MILE AFTER MILE, THE TRAIN SWEEPS ON ITS WAY, IT'S LITTLE WONDER, THE SMALL CHILDREN BECOME RESTLESS!







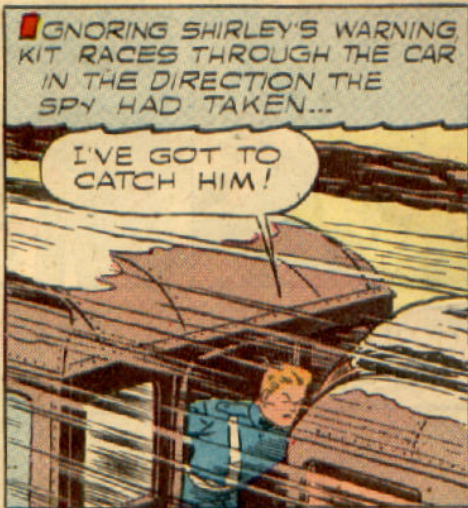
WHAT IS IT, KIT?

IT'S A MAP... OF WASHINGTON... AND IT'S ALL MARKED OVER WITH FOREIGN INSIGNIA! SOME KIND OF CODE, I THINK!



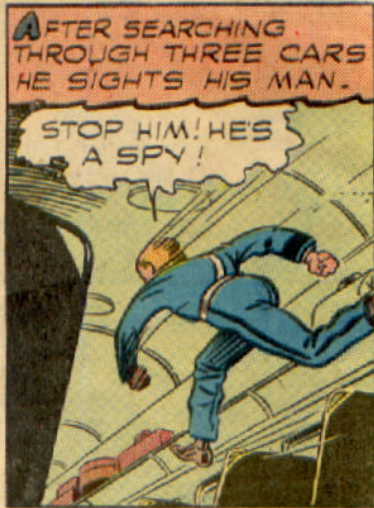
I'M GOING AFTER HIM... JUST IN CASE!

DON'T, KIT... HE HAS A GUN!



IGNORING SHIRLEY'S WARNING KIT RACES THROUGH THE CAR IN THE DIRECTION THE SPY HAD TAKEN...

I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!



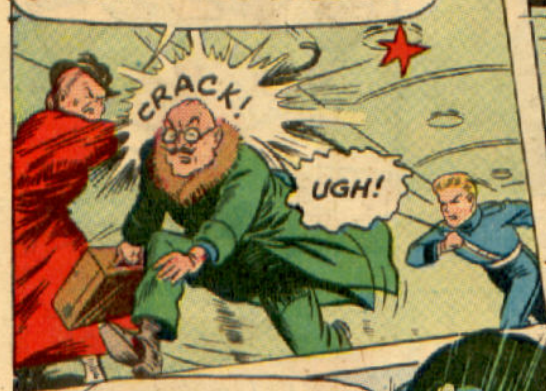
AFTER SEARCHING THROUGH THREE CARS HE SIGHTS HIS MAN.

STOP HIM! HE'S A SPY!

DESPERATELY, THE SPY MAKES FOR THE END OF THE CAR...

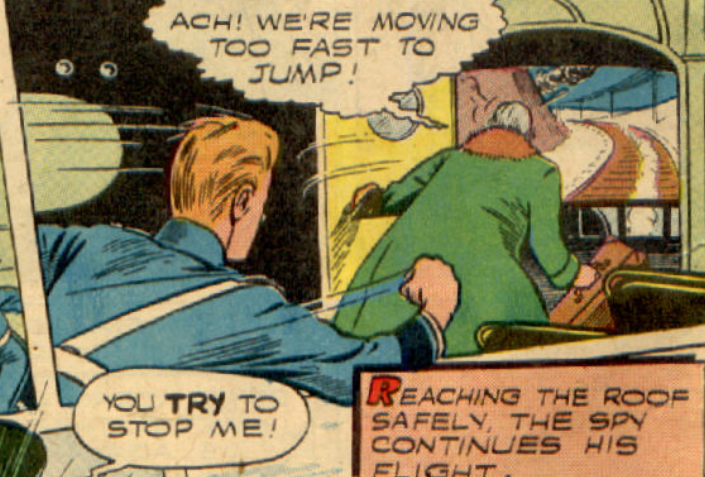
DESPITE THE "UMBRELLA BLITZKRIEG," THE SPY REACHES THE DOOR!

A SPY, BEGORRA! SUREN I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF WHAT YOU DESERVE!



CRACK!

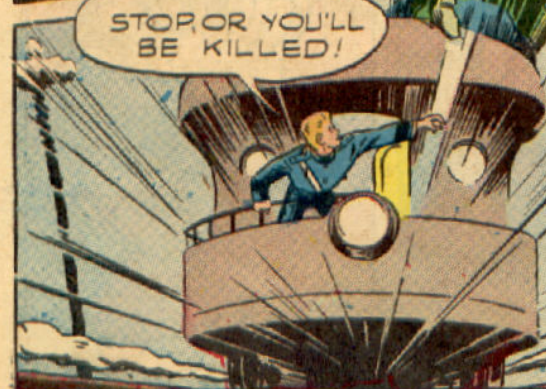
UGH!



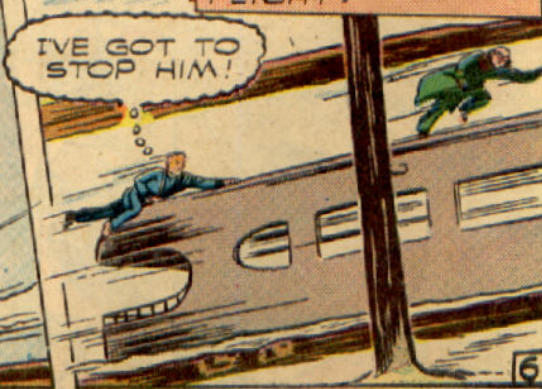
ACH! WE'RE MOVING TOO FAST TO JUMP!

YOU TRY TO STOP ME!

REACHING THE ROOF SAFELY, THE SPY CONTINUES HIS FLIGHT.



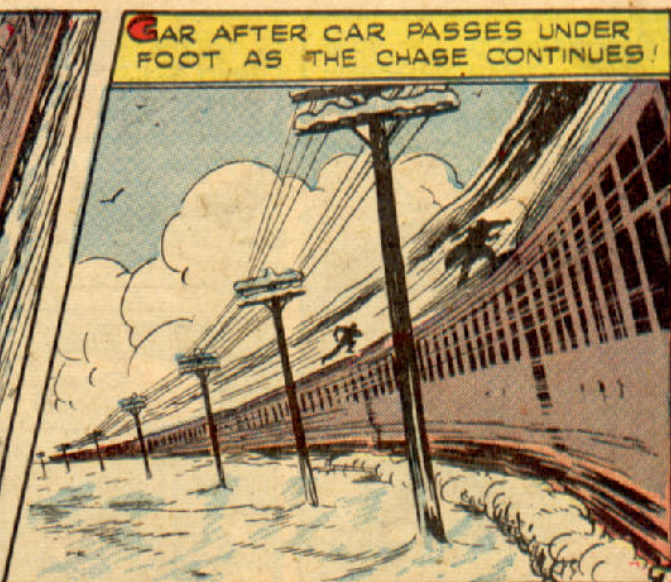
STOP OR YOU'LL BE KILLED!



I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



GOSH! IF EITHER OF US FALLS HE'S A GONER FOR SURE!

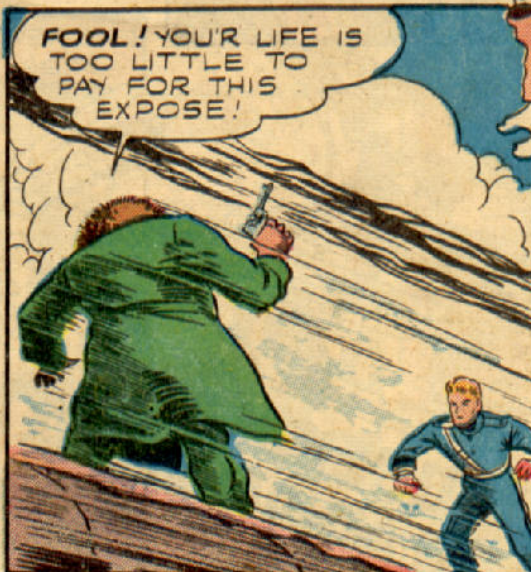


CAR AFTER CAR PASSES UNDER FOOT AS THE CHASE CONTINUES!



ABLE TO GO NO FURTHER, THE SPY WHIRLS AROUND LIKE A CORNERED BEAST...

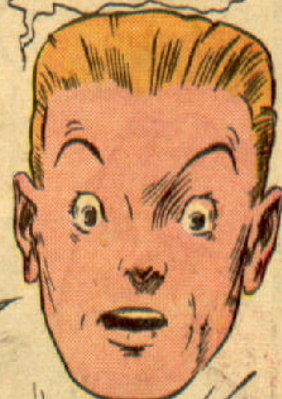
ONE OF US MUST STOP! YOU ARE THE ONE!



FOOL! YOUR LIFE IS TOO LITTLE TO PAY FOR THIS EXPOSE!

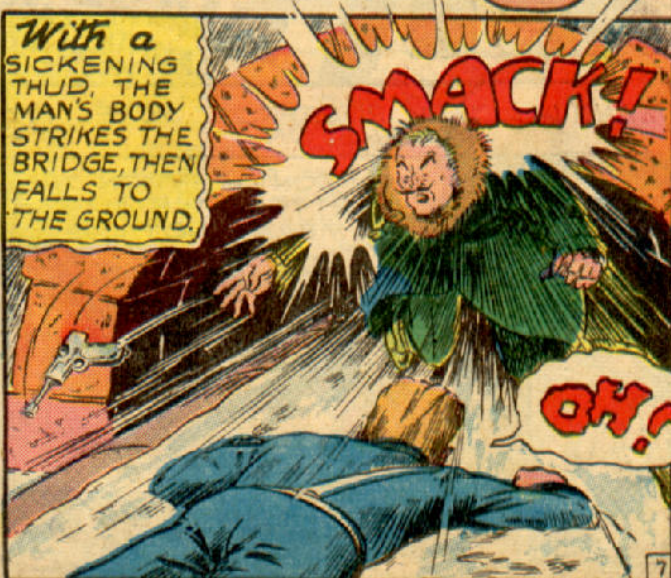
SUDDENLY... KIT CRIES OUT...

LOOK OUT-BEHIND YOU! - LOW BRIDGE!



HO! HO! MAKE ME TURN, THEN YOU'LL ATTACK! ...A NAÏVE TRICK!

HEY! YOU DOPE... I...



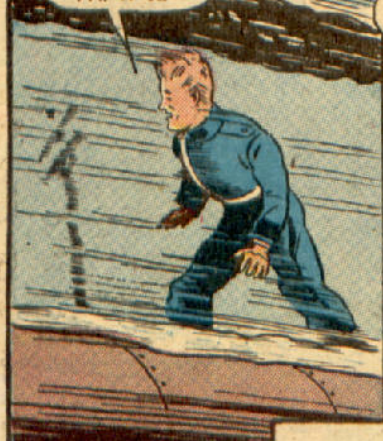
With a SICKENING THUD, THE MAN'S BODY STRIKES THE BRIDGE, THEN FALLS TO THE GROUND.

SMACK!

OH!

DISTRESSED AT THE SIGHT OF SUDDEN DEATH, KIT RETRACES HIS STEPS...

I-I MUST SEE ABOUT THE MAP...



LATER, AS THE TRAIN ENTERS THE WASHINGTON DEPOT!

I WISH YOU COULD COME WITH US. BUT, DAD JUST HATES COMPANY!

OH... THANKS ANYWAY!



STILL LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

WE'LL HAVE OUR SPECIALISTS DECODE THE MAP!

THANK YOU, SIR!



WE'LL FIND OUT IF HE WAS WORKING ALONE - OR NOT! YOU'VE DONE A SPLENDID JOB, YOUNG MAN!



THE NEWS PRAISING KIT IS READ FROM COAST TO COAST...



...AND IN A DARK RIVERFRONT HOTEL IN WASHINGTON...

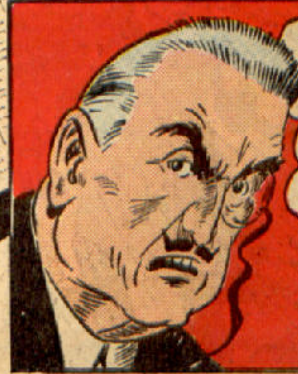
THE G-MEN HAVE THE MAP!

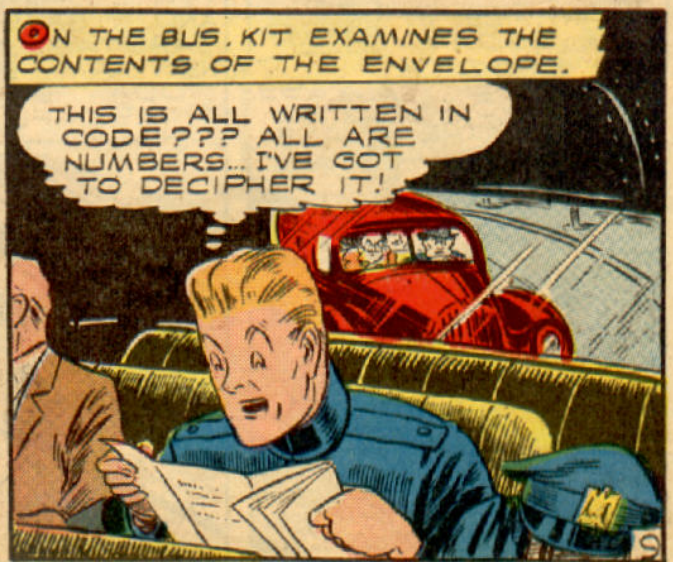
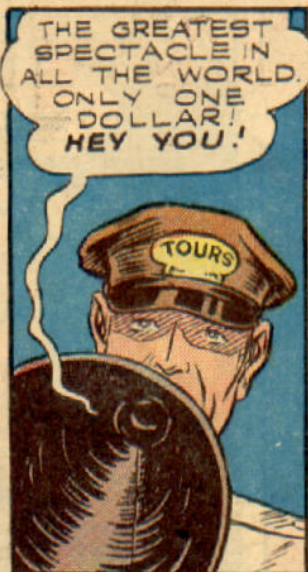
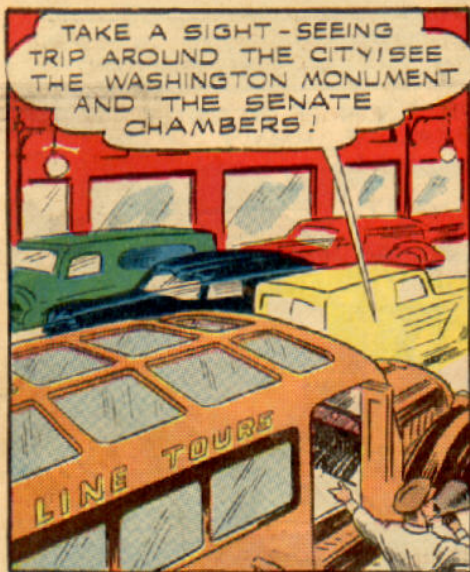
THEY DON'T MENTION THE LETTER. THE MAP MEANS NOTHING TO THEM!

THAT STUPID BRUNO!



PERHAPS THE KID HAS THE LETTER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND KILL HIM, IF NECESSARY!





PULL UP... I'LL PLUG HIM AS WE PASS!

DON'T BE A FOOL! WE NEED THE PAPERS!

AS THE BUS MOVES ON, KIT RACKS HIS BRAIN TO DECIPHER THE CODE!

AND HERE ON 'B' STREET, CORNWALL'S ARMY...

I'VE GOT IT!

'B' STREET, EH... AND 'A' STREET! NOW ON THIS LETTER, IF I LET A EQUAL 1 AND B-2, NO, THAT'S TOO SIMPLE! I'LL LET Z EQUAL 1 AND Y-2 AND SO FORTH.... IT WORKS!

HASTILY, KIT DECODES THE LETTER...

QUICK! DRIVE TO THE AIRPORT!

QUICKLY, KIT EXPLAINS

IT'S LIFE OR DEATH!

O.K., BUD! BUT IF THIS IS A JOKE...

MEANWHILE IN THE SEDAN...

HE'S READ THE MESSAGE... AND HE'LL TRY TO MAKE THE PLANE!

QUICK! HEAD 'EM OFF!

AIRPORT

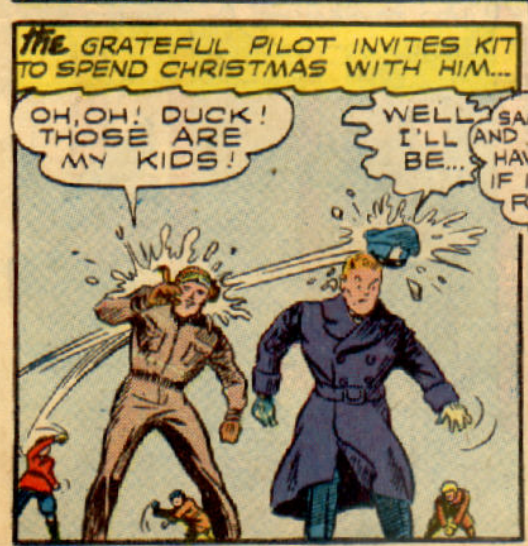
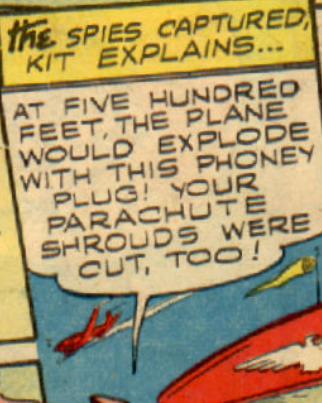
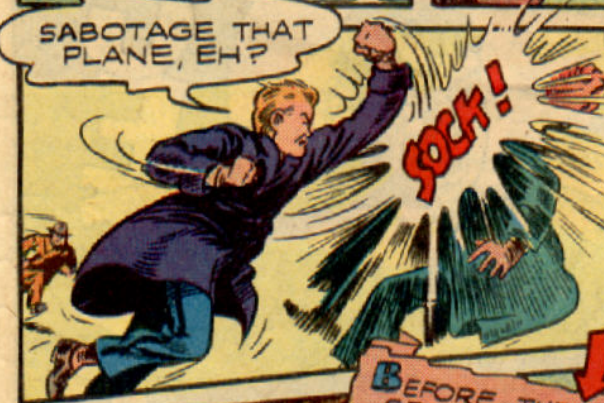
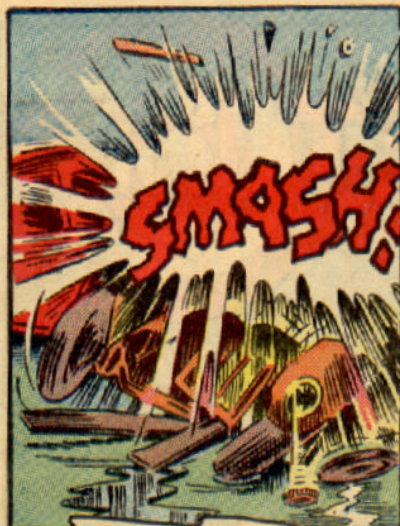
AND IT SAYS THEY'VE SABOTAGED THE NEW ARMY BOMBER. TODAY IS ITS TEST FLIGHT!

PASSING THE BUS, THE SPY CAR BLOCKS THE ROAD.

LOOK! THEY MUST BE MORE OF THE SPIES. THEY HAVE GUNS!

HOLD TIGHT! I'M GOING TO RAM THEM!

SQUEE!! BANG!



THE CADET WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS!

THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS



YAH, HEINRICH! WID MY
BRILLIANT BRAIN,
AND MY SECRET SABO-
TAGE ARMY, WE WILL
CRIPPLE AMERICA!



YAH, MASTER!
YOU SMART,
VERY SMART.
HA! HA!

TO THE GALLANT TARGET AND THE
TARGETEERS, SABOTAGE OF THE
UNITED STATES' NATIONAL DEFENSE,
FOLLOWING THE MURDERS OF
BRAVE G-MEN, IS THE MOST HEI-
NOUS CRIME. BUT THEY DON'T KNOW
WHO THE MASTERMIND IS! TO
MAKE MATTERS WORSE, HE PROVES
TO BE AN EVIL GENIUS!

ONE NIGHT, A BADLY
BATTERED MAN STUM-
BLES INTO THE
POLICE STATION...

THE TARGET- LOOK
INTO TONNEAU OF...

HELLO! WHAT'S
THIS?



15th PRECINCT
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS



by S. GREENE



HE'S DEAD!

C'MON! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN HIS CAR!



THIS IS MURDER!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT FELLOW'S JOE CARROL, THE ACE F.B.I. MAN!

LATER THAT NIGHT, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS ARE AT HOME

LISTEN!

FLASH--THE TARGET MURDERED G-MAN, JOE CARROL, AND HIS ASSISTANT, TIM CASEY! THE POLICE AND F.B.I. ARE SPREADING A DRAGNET FOR HIM...

DID YOU HEAR THAT, NILES?

YES! SOMEONE IS DELIBERATELY TRYING TO FRAME US! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

AFTER DONNING THEIR TARGET COSTUMES, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THEIR CAR...

REMEMBER, BOYS, WE'LL HAVE TO RISK AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE POLICE AND THE F.B.I!

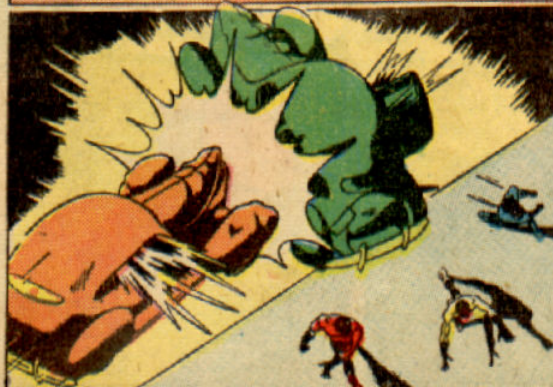
HEY! LOOK OUT!

JUMP OUT OF THE WAY! IT'S HEAD-ED FOR US!

THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION OF THE DYNAMITE CHARGED SEDAN, COMPLETELY WRECKS THE TARGET'S AUTOMOBILE!

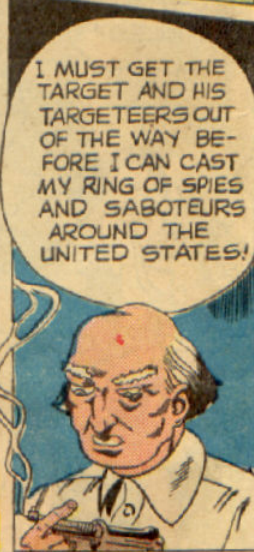
BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE WRECKS!



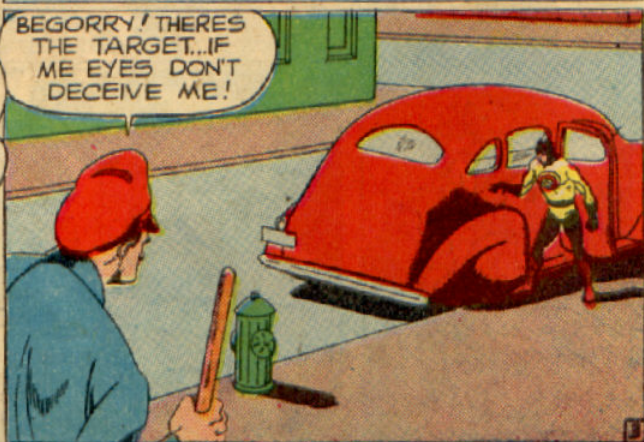
INVESTIGATING THE WRECK THE TARGET FINDS A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR WHICH RAMMED THEIRS!

MEANTIME, A SINGLE WINDOW LIGHT SHIMMERS FROM A WEIRD CASTLE.

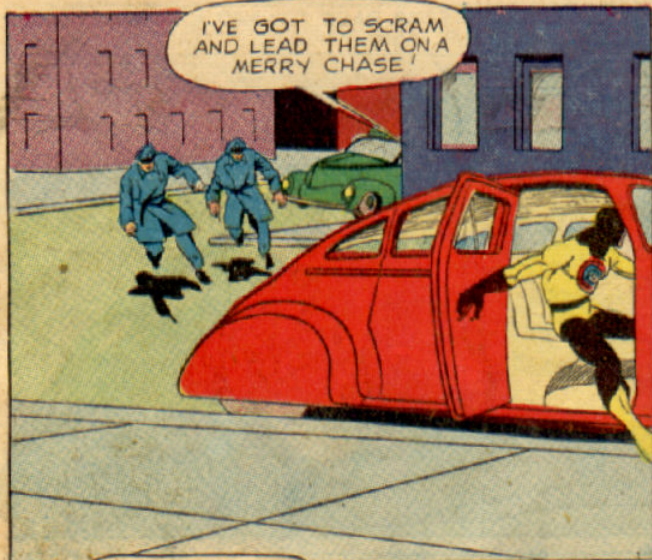


MEANWHILE, THE TARGET ACCEPTS THE MASTERMIND'S CHALLENGE!

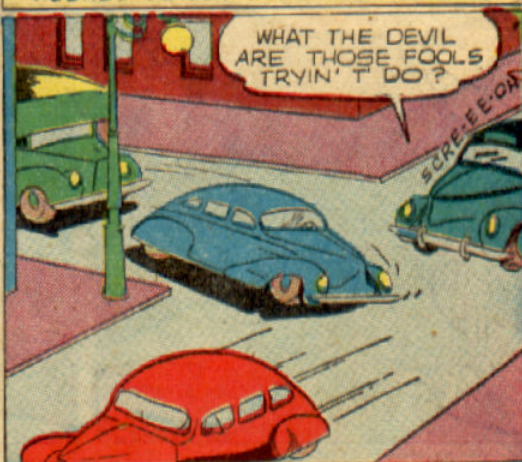
THE TARGET STOPS TOMMY'S CAR ON MAIN STREET.



I'VE GOT TO SCRAM
AND LEAD THEM ON A
MERRY CHASE!

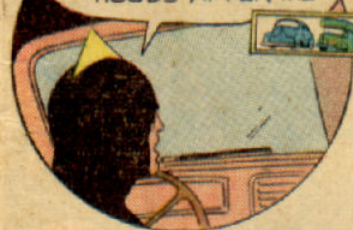


THE POLICE CHASE THE TARGET THROUGH
THE STREETS...AND A MYSTERIOUS
SEDAN, FOLLOWED BY A HUGE TRUCK,
RUSHES TO CUT INTO THE CHASE!



WHAT THE DEVIL
ARE THOSE FOOLS
TRYIN' T DO?

IT'S WORKING!
MR. X GOT THE NEWS
OVER THE POLICE
RADIO AND SENT
"HOODS" AFTER ME!



FOLLOWING
THE 'HOOD'S
SEDAN,
THE
LUMBERING
TRUCK
BLOCKADES
THE POLICE!

OH-OH! THEY'RE
CATCHING UP
WITH ME!

HEY, SPIKE, DE
BOYS STOPPED
DE COPS!

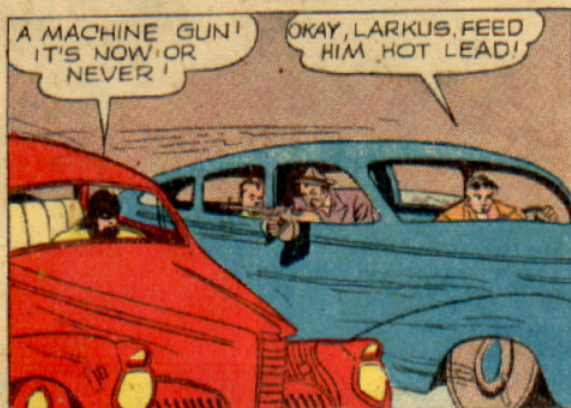
YOU IDIOTS!
GET OUT OF
THE WAY!



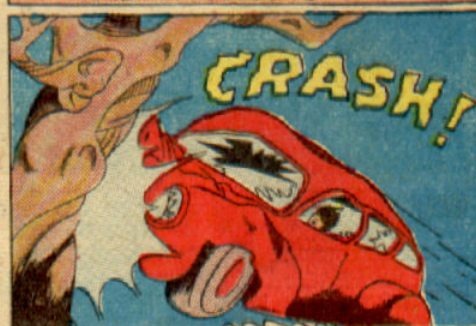
THE
HOODLUM'S
CAR,
BEING
FASTER
THAN THE
TARGET'S,
QUICKLY
OVER-
TAKES
HIM
AND...

A MACHINE GUN!
IT'S NOW OR
NEVER!

OKAY, LARKUS, FEED
HIM HOT LEAD!



THE TARGET'S CAR CRASHES INTO
A TREE IN AN EFFORT TO AVOID THE
HAIL OF BULLETS...



OKAY, YOU RATS!
COME AND GET IT!

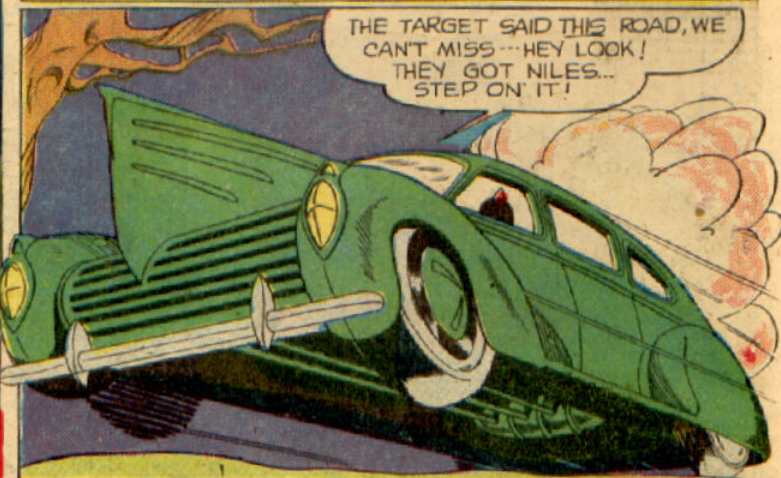
YOU ASKED
FOR IT
WISE GUY!

KLUNK OH-H-H!





MEANTIME, THE TARGETEERS RACE TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS, ACCORDING TO PLAN, WHEN.....



OH, NO! YOU DON'T LEAVE OUR PAL TO BURN!

TAKE CARE OF THEM WHILE I GET THE TARGET OUT OF THE CAR!

BUT THE GANGSTERS ATTACK THEM FIRST!

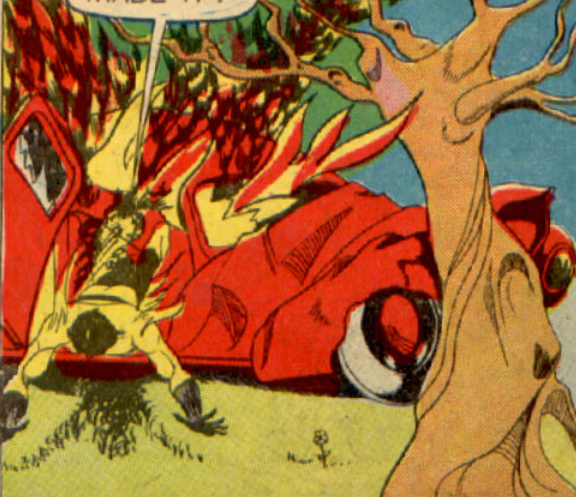


THE TARGET RECOVERS...

OUCH, MY HEAD! WHAT? THEY SOAKED ME IN GASOLINE---



---I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- OUCH--- MADE IT!



ROLLING ON THE GROUND THE TARGET EXTINGUISHES THE FIRE IN HIS SMOLDERING CLOTHES!



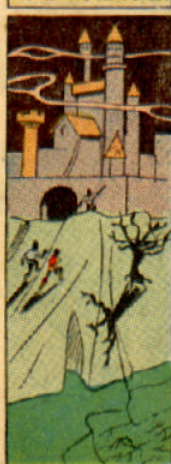
INTO THE BATTLE LEAPS THE TARGET---



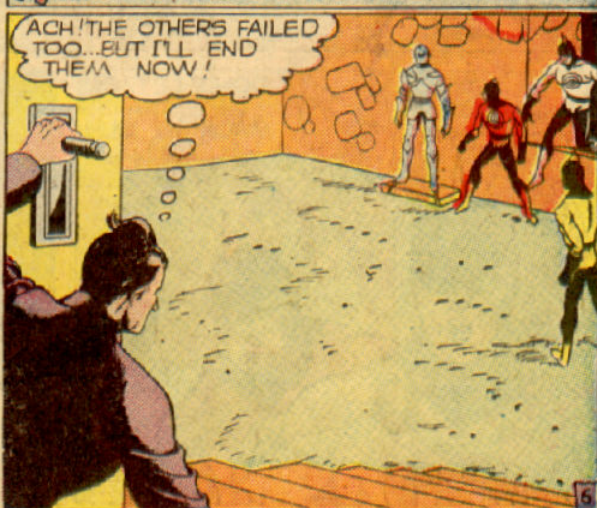
THE TARGET REMOVES THE SHOES FROM ONE OF THE WOULD-BE KILLERS AND THREATENS HIM WITH A HOT FOOT...



LATER, THE TRIO REACH THE CASTLE.



MANN'S AGENT SPOTS THE THREE MEN...



THE OPERATIVE CLOSES THE SWITCH AND...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT THING?

A COBRA, LOOK OUT!



SWIFTLY WITHDRAWING A DART FROM HIS BELT, THE TARGET HURLS IT AT THE COBRA!!

THE ONLY GOOD COBRA IS A DEAD COBRA!



THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, THE TRIO DASH UP THE WINDING STAIRS...

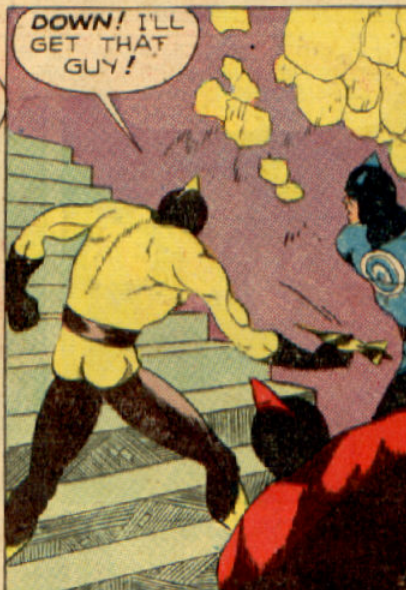
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! THERE'S ONLY ONE COURSE OPEN TO US!

WE GET YOU!

LET'S GO LOOK OUT!



DOWN! I'LL GET THAT GUY!



YEE-OH!



LOOK...MORE COMING!

DON'T LET 'EM GET THAT MACHINE GUN!



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS GAIN CONTROL OF THE MACHINE GUN.

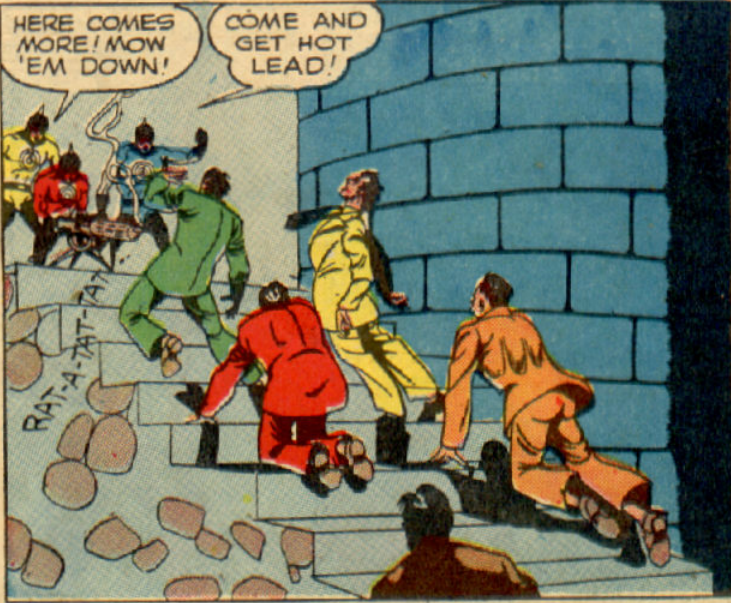
MAN THE MACHINE GUN, TOMMY!

OKAY, SKIPPER!



HERE COMES MORE! MOW 'EM DOWN!

COME AND GET HOT LEAD!



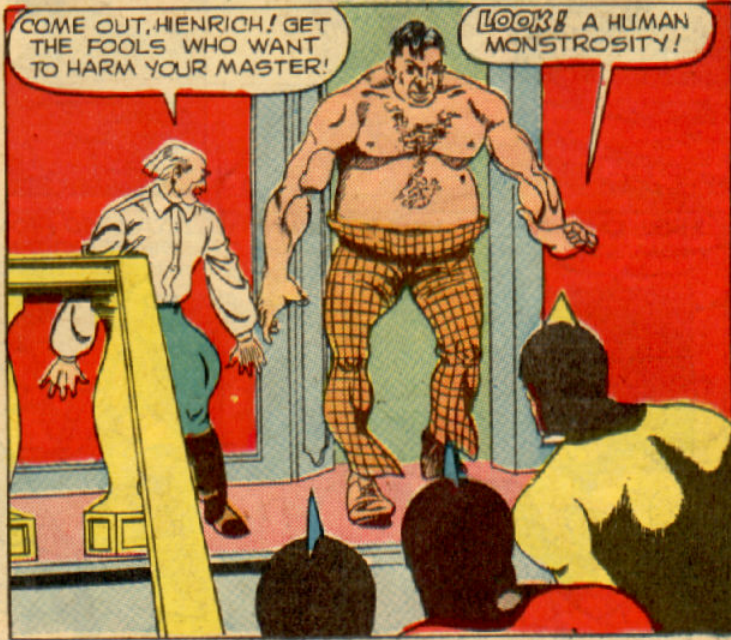
WITH THE PAID TRAITORS OUT OF THE WAY, THE TRIO RACE TOWARD FRITZ MANN, BUT---

FOOLS! TO THINK THEY CAN STOP THE GREAT FRITZ MANN! BUT I'LL STOP THEM!



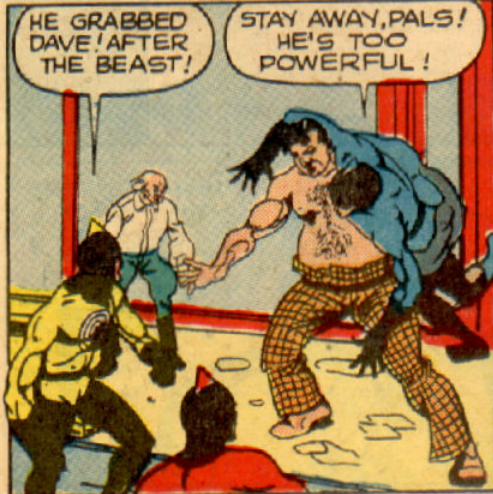
COME OUT, HENRICH! GET THE FOOLS WHO WANT TO HARM YOUR MASTER!

LOOK! A HUMAN MONSTROSITY!



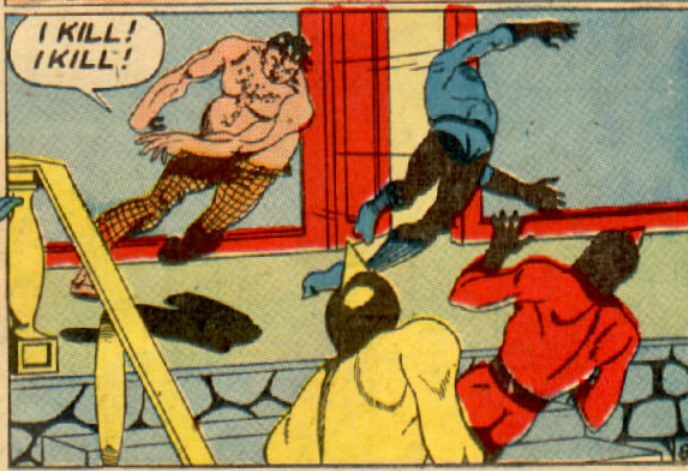
HE GRABBED DAVE! AFTER THE BEAST!

STAY AWAY, PALS! HE'S TOO POWERFUL!



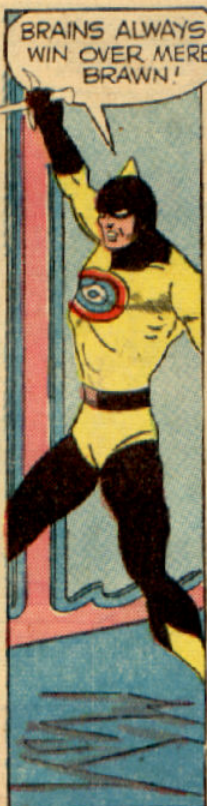
THE GIANT THROWS DAVE AT THE TARGET AND TOMMY...

I KILL! I KILL!

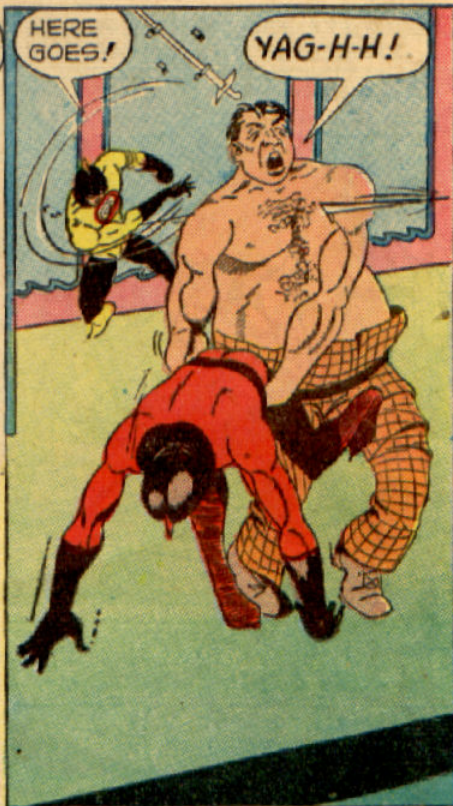




IT'S EITHER TOM'S LIFE OR HIS! THIS SWORD WILL DO THE TRICK!



BRAINS ALWAYS WIN OVER MERE BRAWN!



HERE GOES!

YAG-H-H!

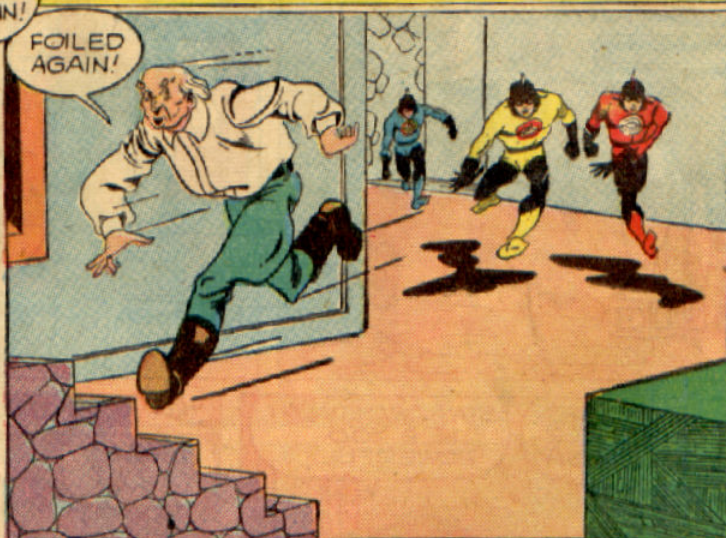


FEEL OKAY, TOMMY?

GOSH! NOW I KNOW HOW A MOUSE FEELS WHEN MAULED BY A CAT!

C'MON! AFTER MANN!

RECOVERED FROM THEIR HARROWING EXPERIENCES, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS PURSUE MANN!



FOILED AGAIN!

REACHING THE ROOF OF THE CASTLE, MANN GRABS AN ELECTRIC SWITCH...

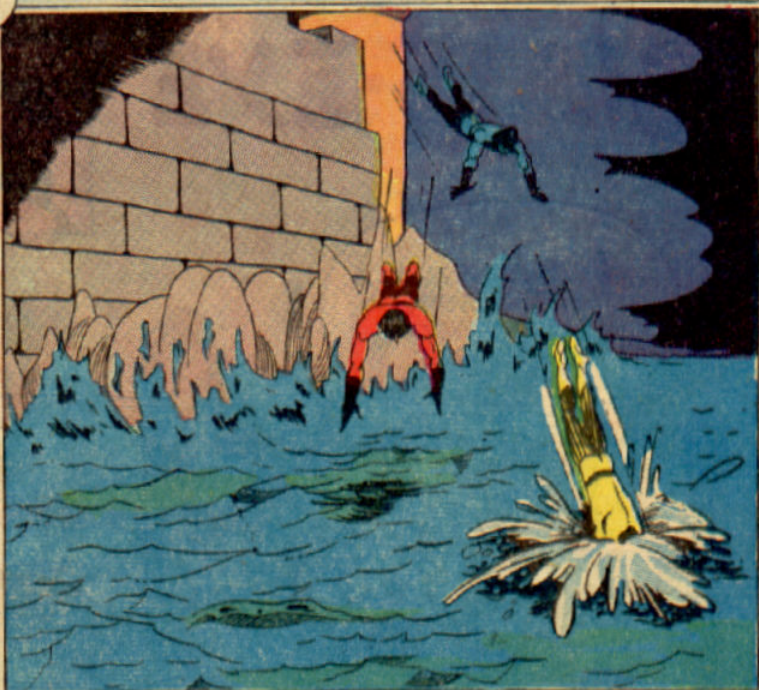


HEH! HEH! HEH! THEY WON'T GET ME ALIVE! HA! HA!

TAKE ANOTHER STEP,
AND I'LL BLOW UP
THE CASTLE! HA
HA! I'LL BLOW
IT UP, ANYWAY!

HE'S INSANE!
HE MEANS IT!
JUMP!

INTO THE COLD SEA, THE TRIO DIVES...



MANN BLOWS UP THE CASTLE!

**THE TARGET TURNS THE
HOODLUMS OVER TO
THE POLICE...**

MY PLAN FOR
DESTROYING THE
UNITED STATES
IS RUINED - RUINED
BY THE TARGET
AND HIS AIDS!
I'VE NOTHING TO
LIVE FOR, HEH!
HEH! HEH!



HERE THEY ARE,
AS I TOLD YOU,
SERGEANT!

GOSH!
TARGET, I
APOLOGIZE
FOR EVER
DOUBTING
YOUR PA-
TRIOTISM!

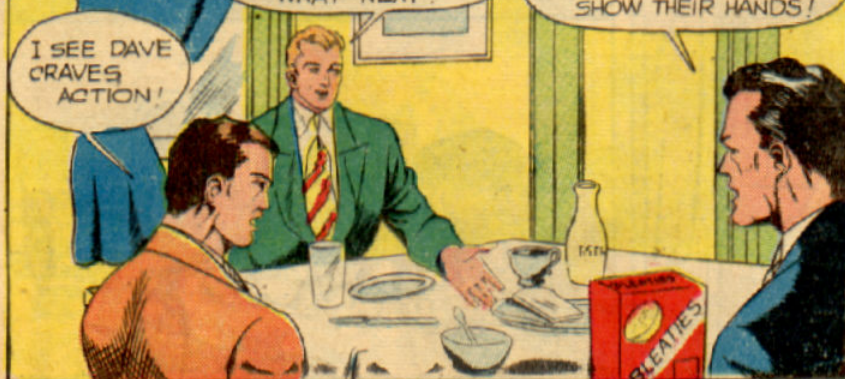


**THE NEXT DAY...
AFTER BREAKFAST.**

WELL, NILES, NOW THAT
FRITZ MANN IS DEAD,
WHAT NEXT?

WE'LL DEAL WITH ALL THE
ENEMIES OF THE UNITED
STATES AS SOON AS THEY
SHOW THEIR HANDS!

I SEE DAVE
GRAVES
ACTION!



**FURTHER ADVENTURES
OF THIS TERRIFIC TRIO IN...
NEXT MONTH'S
TARGET
COMICS!!!**

BULL'S-EYE BILL

LET'S HAVE THAT
LIFE STORY NOW,
IKE, AND NONE OF
YOUR WHOPPERS.

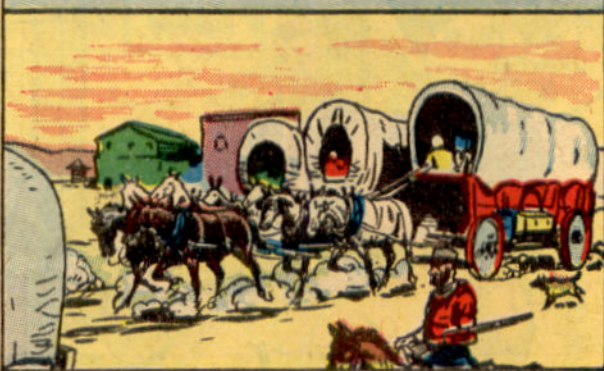
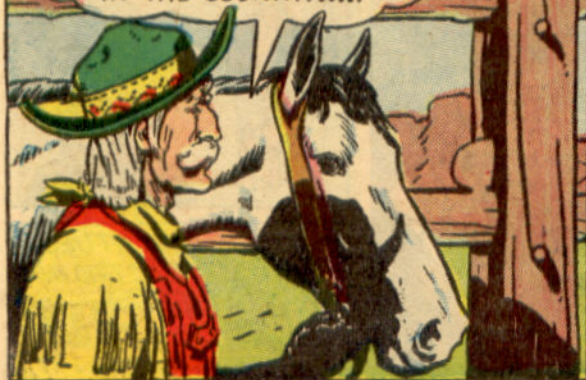
YORE LEAVIN'
VERSELF
WIDE OPEN,
SON!

JOHN
DALY

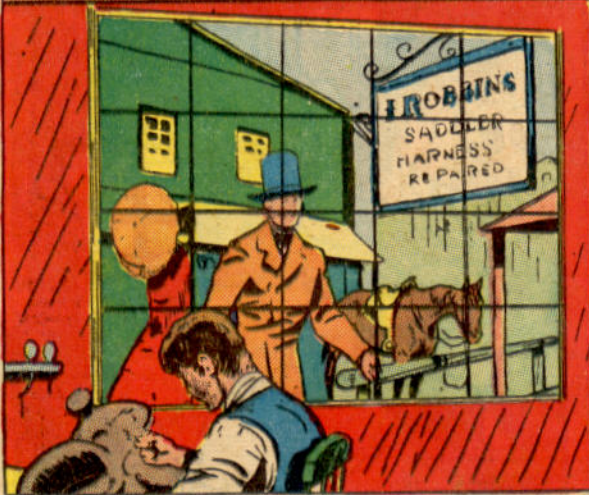
SOON AFTER THE OLD TIMERS' YARN SPINNING CONTEST, BULL'S-EYE BILL BECOMES CURIOUS ABOUT THE ACTUAL FACTS OF RAWHIDE IKE'S LIFE AND ASKS THE OLD TIMER TO GIVE HIM THE STORY, FIGURING THAT JUST THE PLAIN TRUTH SHOULD BE **VERY** INTERESTING!

"WAL, BILLY, IT WAS BACK IN 1850, WHEN I WAS BORN IN ST. LOUIS. FUR BUSINESS WAS FLOURISHING! AN THERE'S STILL A LOT OF INJUN TRADE IN THE COUNTRY!"...

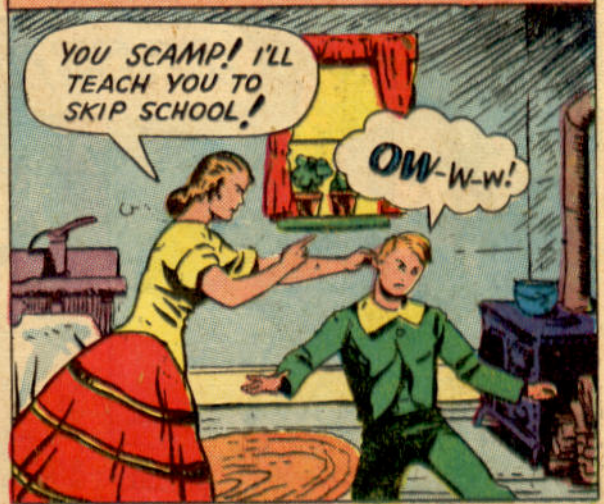
...."PILGRIMS BE TH' THOUSANDS WAS HEADIN' FER THE GOLD-FIELDS, THROUGH ST. LOUIS."



"PAPPY, WAS A HARNESS MAKER AN' HAD A RIGHT SMART O' TRADE."



"BUT I HAD A STEP-MOTHER AN SHE SHORE LIVED UP TO THE NAME."



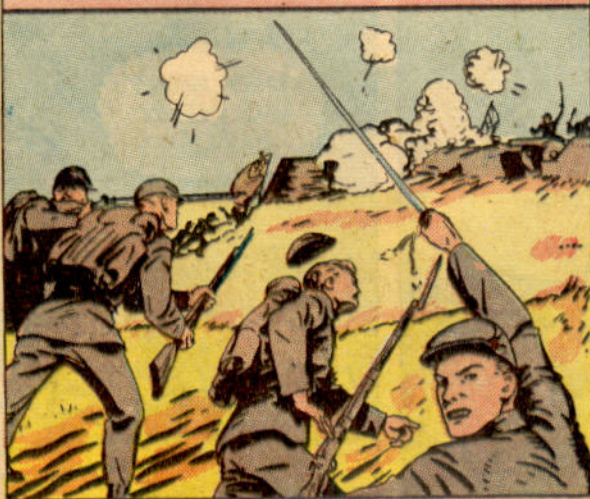
"I NEVER GOT MUCH SCHOOLIN' COUNTA' PLAYING HOOKEY AN' RUNNING OFF DOWN TO THE WAREHOUSES A-LISTENIN' TO THE STORIES OF THE BATEAU MEN AN' TRAPPERS IN FROM THE FUR COUNTRY."



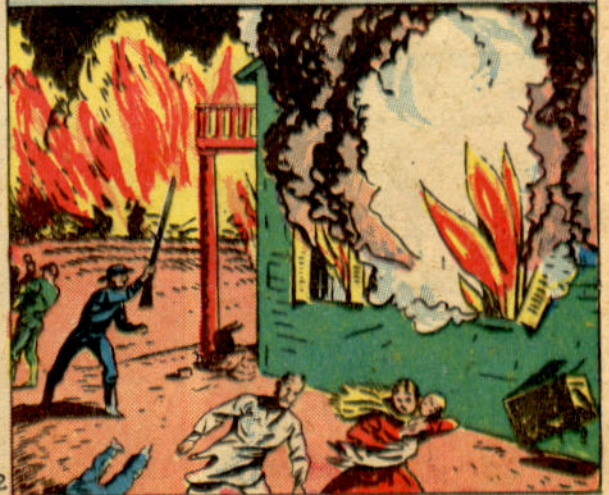
"THEY WAS WILD, LAWLESS FELLOWS DRESSED IN BUCKSKINS AN' INJUN FIXIN'S, AN' ARMED TO THE TEETH."



"WHEN TH' CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT, HALF THE STATE WAS UNION AN' HALF CONFEDERATE."



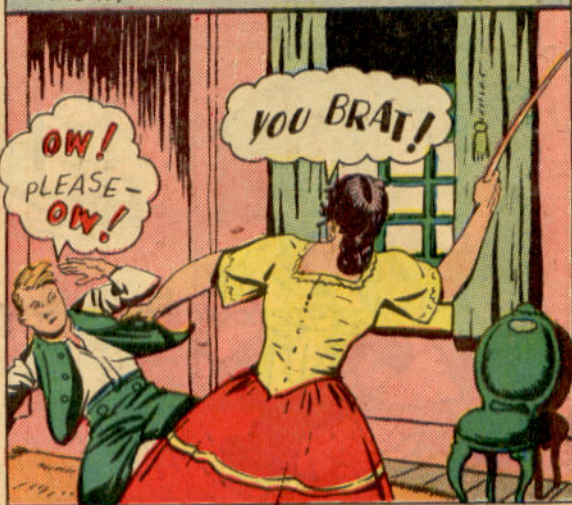
"I SEEN TH' GUERILLAS OF BOTH SIDES BURNIN' AN' LOOTIN' BEFORE I WAS 12 YEARS OLD."



"WHEN PAPPY WENT OFF AN JINED THE FEDERALS I KNEWED I WASN'T LONG FER ST. LOUIS."



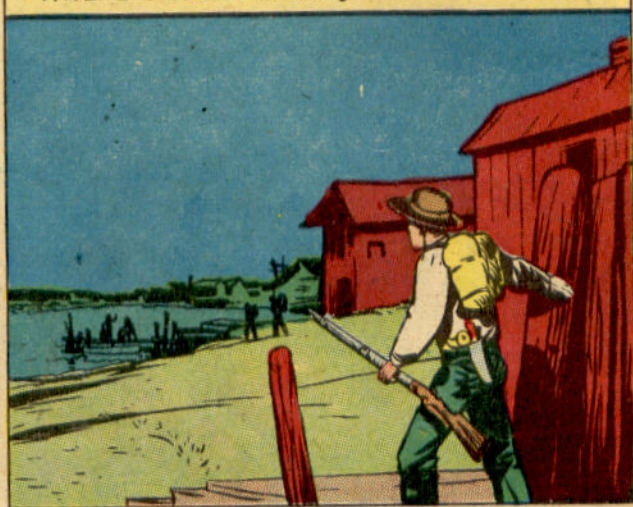
"THE STEP-MOTHER BEIN' SO BRASH WITH THE HICKORY, THERE WAS NO STANDIN' IT!"



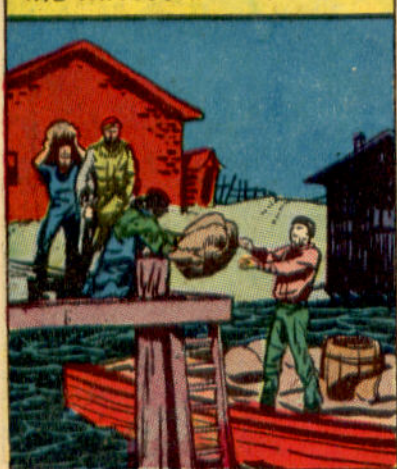
"SO ONE NIGHT IN THE SPRING OF '64—I TOOK OUT FER THE UPPER REACHES OF THE MISSOURI."



"IT WAS A DARK NIGHT BUT I KNEWED JES' WHERE I WAS HEADIN'!"



"FRENCH BLACKIE WAS LEAVIN' WITH A DOZEN BOATS TO TRADE WITH THE INJUNS UP THE MISSOURI"



"THIS BLACKIE WAS SOME MAN, AN' A HERO OF MINE."



"I STOWED AWAY IN ONE OF THE BOATS."



"THE BAGS I WAS LYING ON WAS FULL OF YANKEE FRYING PANS!"



"THEY WAS IN GREAT DEMAND AMONG THE INJUNS—BUT THEY USED 'EM TO CUT INTO ARRER HEADS!"



"BLACKIE KNOWN THE SIGN LANGUAGE BETTERN ANY MAN I KNOWN. THE 'INJUNS TRUSTED HIM. ALL TRIBES KNOWN SIGN TALK."



"I STUCK IT OUT UNDER THEM BAGS TILL TIME TO CAMP, THEN GETTIN' HUNGRY, I COME OUT."



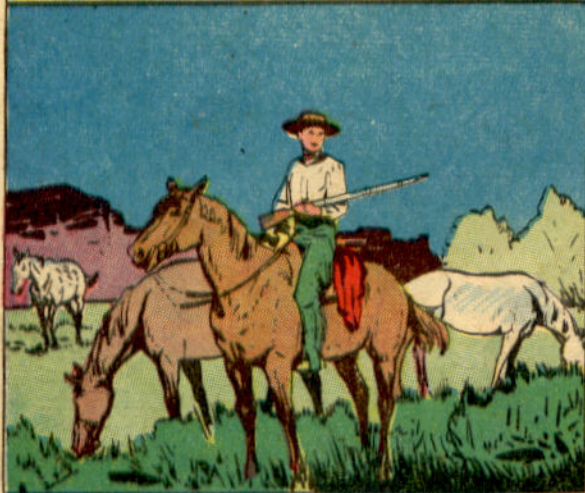
"BLACKIE WAS A HARD LEADER BUT A KINDLY MAN. HE KNOWN ME AND, WOULDN'T SEND ME BACK.—DANGEROUS!"



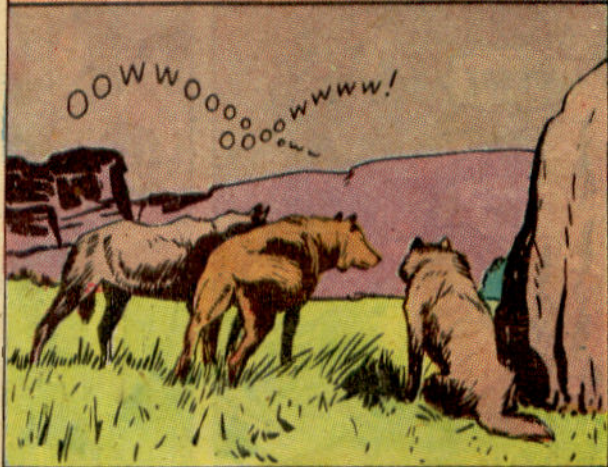
"HE PUT ME TO HERDIN' THE HORSES THAT KEPT PACE WITH THE BOATS UP THE RIVER."



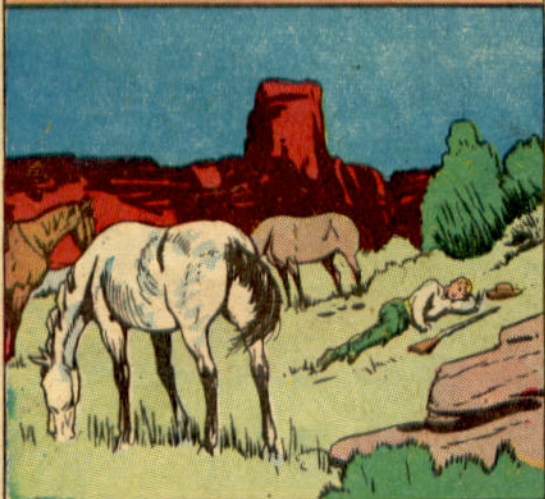
"ONE NIGHT WE'RE WELL UP ON THE MISSOURI AN' I'M TENDIN' HERD AS USUAL."



"THERE'S A POWER O' WOLVES IN THE COUNTRY, AN HEARIN' 'EM HOWL AIN'T NOTHIN' NEW TO ME. I COULD ALMOST SEE 'EM—IT WAS SO PLAIN."



"FEELIN' POWERFUL SLEEPY, I LAY DOWN AN' TOOK A SNOOZE."



"BUT THEM 'WOLVES' I HEARD WAS HUMAN ONES! THEY WAS SIOUX INJUNS, AN' RAN OFF SOME OF THE HOSSES, WHILE I SLEPT!"



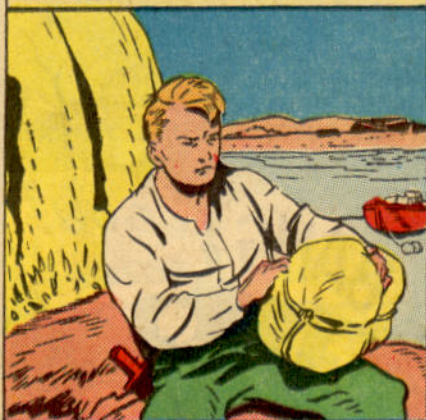
"I WOKE UP AN' SAVED THE REST, BUT HOSSES WAS VALUABLE AN' I KNEWED I WAS IN FER IT."



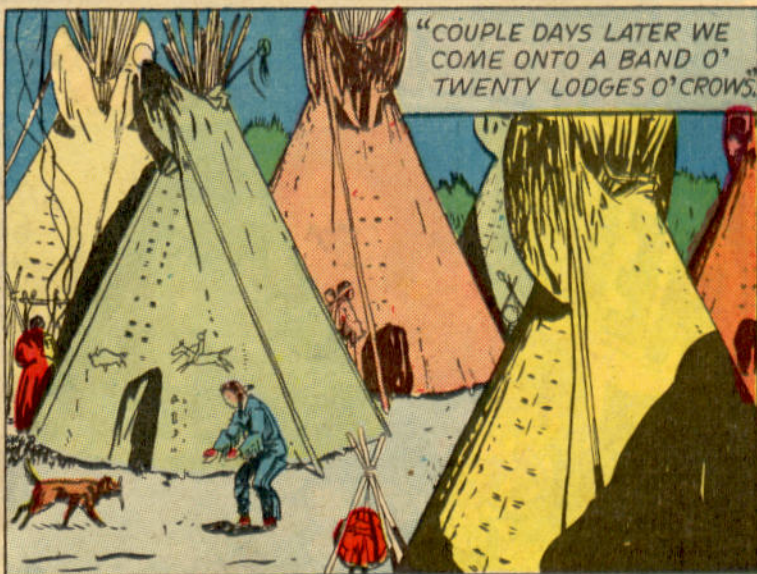
"SURE ENOUGH, BLACKIE FETCHED ME A CUT WITH THE WHIP WHEN I TOLD HIM."



"EVEN THOUGH BLACKIE WAS RIGHT, I WAS STUNG, AN' SULK-ED ALONG LOOKIN' FER MY CHANCE TO LIGHT OUT ONCE MORE."



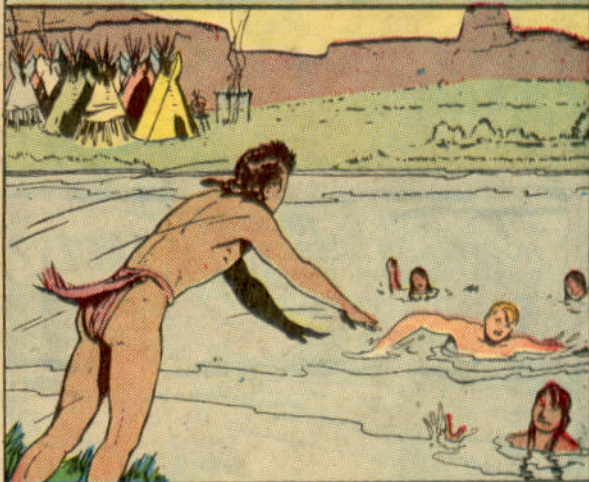
"COUPLE DAYS LATER WE COME ONTO A BAND O' TWENTY LODGES O' CROWS."



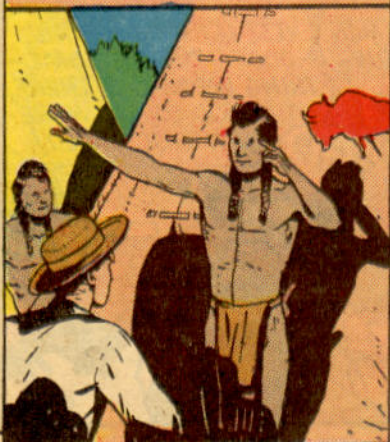
"I WENT OVER TO LOOK AROUND AMONG 'EM. THEY WAS FRIENDLY."



"I WENT SWIMMIN' IN THE RIVER WITH THE INJUN BOYS. THEY HAD BEEN DOWN TO INDEPENDENCE, TRADIN' BUFFALO ROBES."



"ONE BOY TOLD ME IN SIGN-TALK, THEY WAS HEADIN' FER HOME ON THE ELK RIVER AT DAYBREAK."



"WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP I HAD MADE UP MY MIND. ELK RIVER WAS HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY. I WOULD SNEAK OUT AT DAY-BREAK AN' JINE THE CROWS!"



"JINE" THE CROWS WITH *Rawhide* IN TH' Next Issue of **TARGET COMICS!**

The Friendly sign:



INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

PLACE THE TWO FIRST FINGERS OF RIGHT HAND TOGETHER AGAINST THE BREAST—THEN PUSH THEM FORWARD AT ARM'S LENGTH!

SPECK SPOT and SIS..

HELP!

OH-OH! WE LEFT SPECK AND SPOT, LAST ISSUE, AS THEY BRAVELY ENTERED AN OLD, HAUNTED HOUSE. THEIR "PAL," WAITING OUTSIDE, RUNS WHEN HE HEARS.....

BANG

E-E-OH!
GROWL!

VINCENT

SPECK IS IN TH' HAUNTED HOUSE AND THERE'S SHOOTIN' AND SCREAMIN' AND EVERYTHING!

SHOTS?

PUFF PUFF

NOZZIR! I AIN'T GOIN' BACK THERE WITH YOU 'CAUSE I WAS CHASED BY A GREAT BIG GHOST!

GHOST NOTHING! WHAT I NEED—IS THE POLICE—! I'VE GOT A HUNCH—

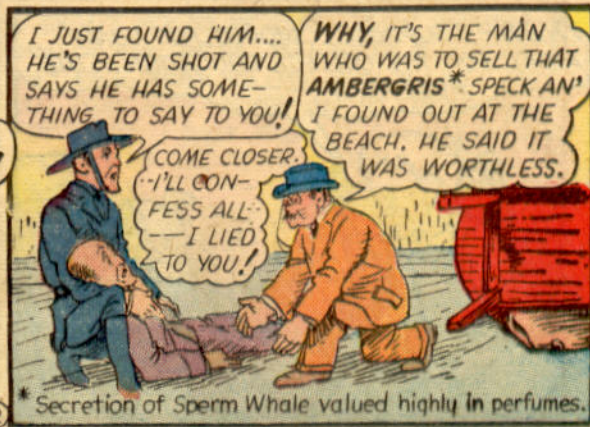
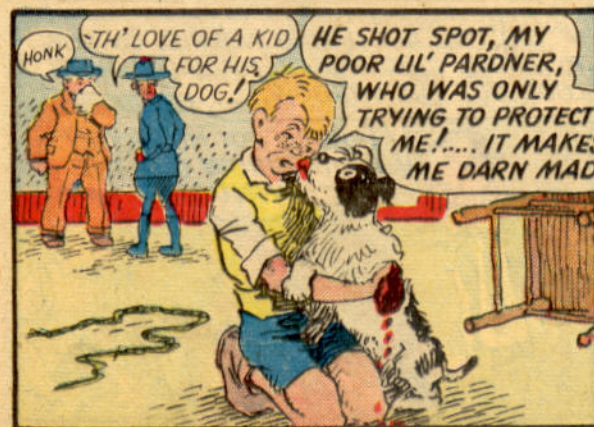
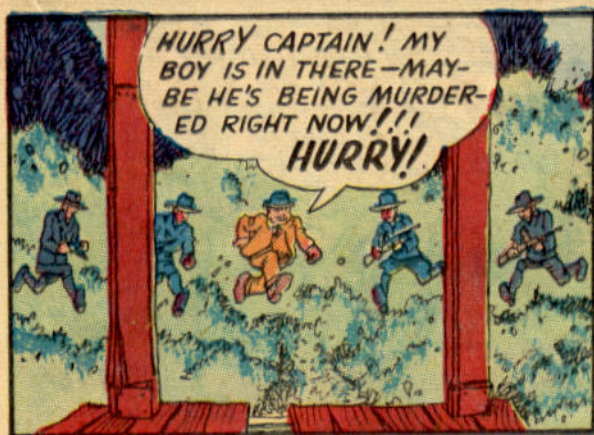
CAPTAIN, I'VE A NOTION THAT THIS SO-CALLED HAUNTED HOUSE IS HIDING SOMETHING THE LAW SHOULD KNOW ABOUT!

HAVEN'T YOUR MEN HAD TIME TO SUR-ROUND THE HOUSE YET?

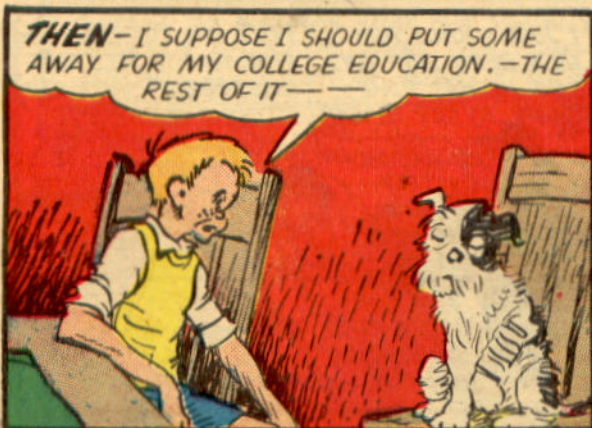
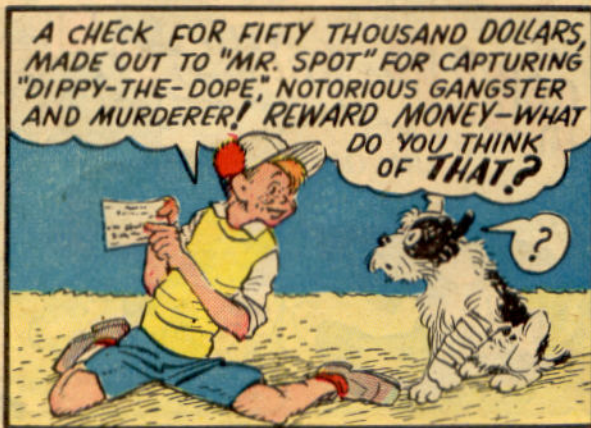
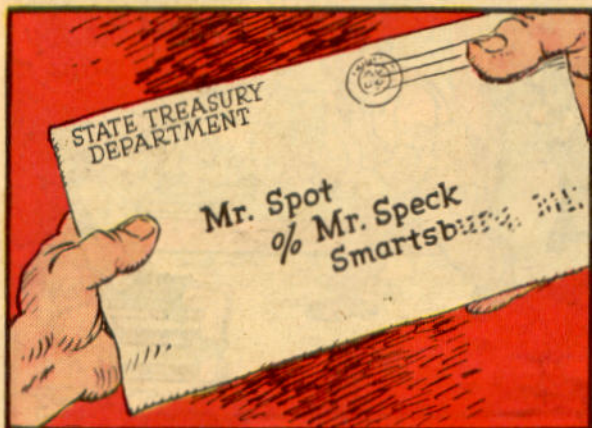
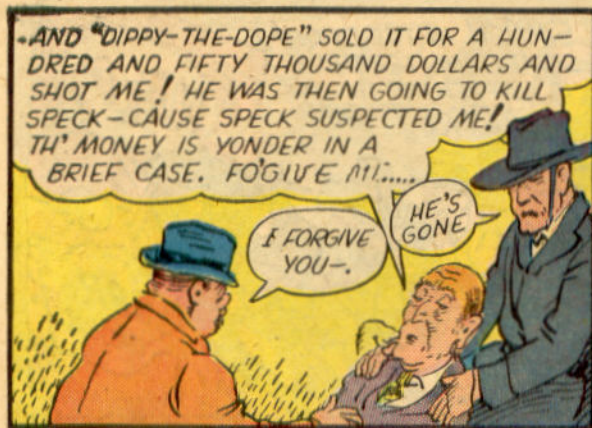
YES! LET'S CHARGE THE DOOR—THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN THERE, —THAT KID SOUNDS MORE THAN JUST SCARED!

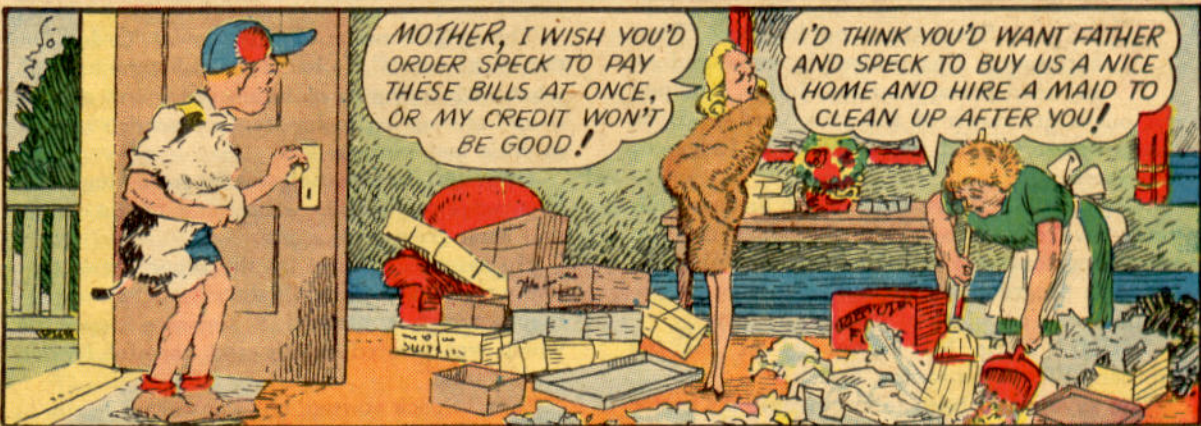
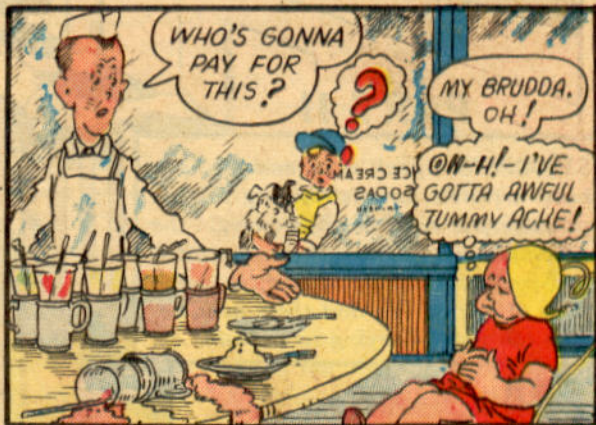
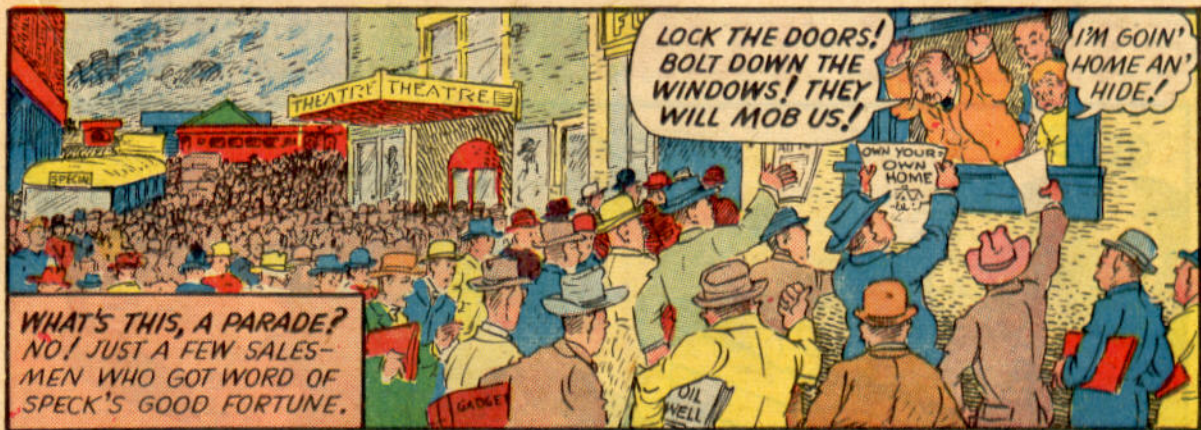
HELP

GROW-L-GR-R-R-

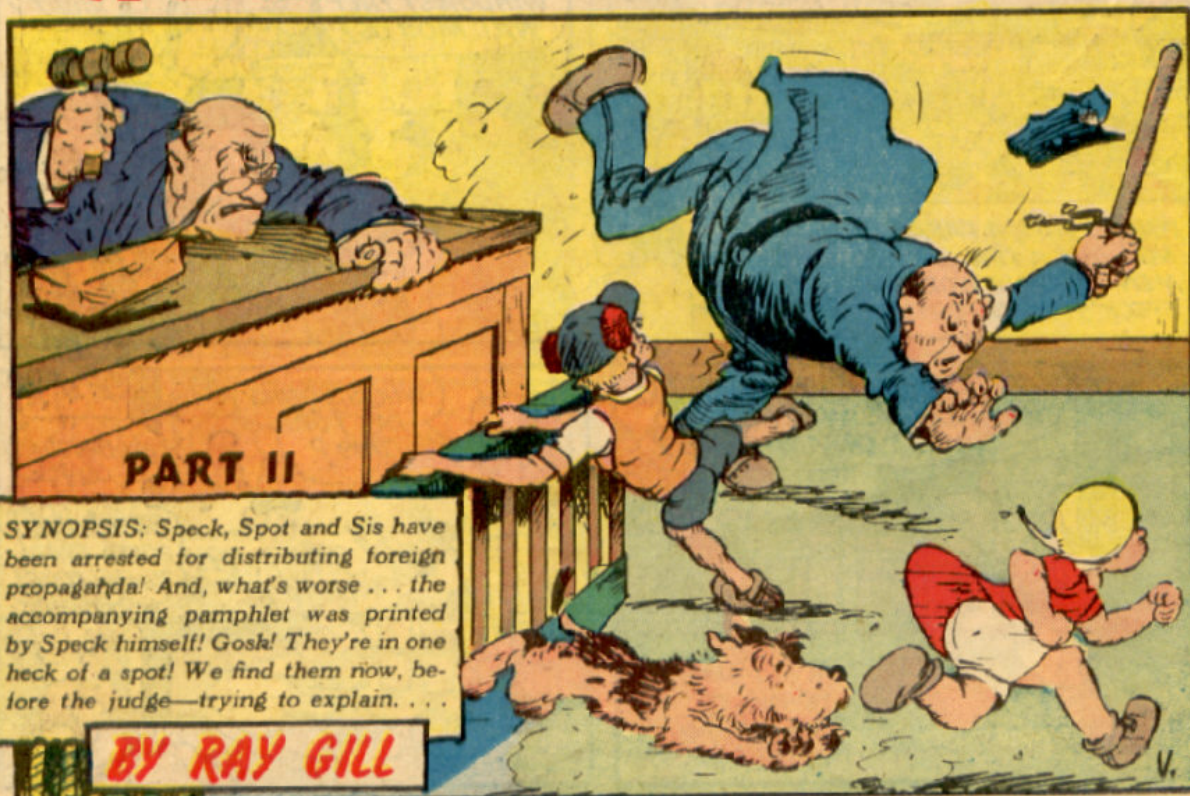


* Secretion of Sperm Whale valued highly in perfumes.





SPECK TURNS SLEUTH



SYNOPSIS: Speck, Spot and Sis have been arrested for distributing foreign propaganda! And, what's worse... the accompanying pamphlet was printed by Speck himself! Gosh! They're in one heck of a spot! We find them now, before the judge—trying to explain...

BY RAY GILL

"YESSIR!" Speck threw out his chest. "That throwaway was printed by me—and on my own press! You see, Judge, I helped put out a fire down at the junk yard—and the owner was so grateful he..." But, the Judge cut him short.

"Come, come! We're not here to discuss junk yards—we're here to decide whether or not you two youngsters were actually instrumental in the insidious program of distributing foreign propaganda to the populace of this community!"

"HUH?" Little Sis looked up at her big brother. "What's he saying, Speck?"

"He says we've been telling people it's better to be in one of those countries where they shoot you—and where they don't feed you only so much a week." Speck tried hard to explain.

"Huh? You mean they don't let you have only a couple of chocolate sodas a week?"

"No, Sis, they don't have any chocolate sodas at all!—and no candy ner nothin'." Speck's explanation was now hitting a tender spot.

Suddenly, Sis's squeaky little voice resounded in the large courtroom! "Well," she screamed. "They're crazy to think we'd tell anybody stuff like that!"

The judge's mallet cracked down! "Order! Order in the court!" He had a difficult time himself, what with trying to maintain order and dignity—and attempting to suppress a convulsive laugh at Sis's last remark.

However, the situation was far from laughable. The judge realized the seriousness of the charge and soon grew gruff again.

He resumed. "I see by the report, here, that you were picked up while distributing advertisements which contained a separate paper on which was printed deadly and harmful foreign propaganda!"

"Yes," Speck started, but was cut off again....

"Ah!" The detective who had brought them in came to life at this bold admission. "See, Your Honor, they admit it. They've practically confessed!"

"I did not!" Speck shouted.

"You did!" The detective grew red in the face.

"He DIDN'T!" Sis's shrill voice pierced the air like a siren.

"ORDER IN THE COURT!" The judge found himself shouting also; and with much restraint, composed himself. Then, there followed a moment of embarrassing silence.



**SPECK PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER,
AND IT ADDS UP TO A FIFTH COLUMNIST!**



The judge spoke again, his voice cracked and nervous with aggravation. "I'll give you *all* fair warning—the next person who raises his voice, including detectives—," he could hold it in no longer, and with a bellow that definitely misfitted his position, as well as his point, he shouted, "I'LL HAVE THEM THROWN IN THE DUNGEONS!"

LITTLE SIS GIGGLED . . . but the judge threw a glare in her direction which shut her up pronto! He calmly said, "Continue, please!" And nodded at Speck.

"Well, Your Honor, it was like this . . ." And Speck went on to tell about the tall man in the black sedan who had said he was a brush salesman—and who had given Sis and himself the job of printing the throwaways, and distributing them. He had given them a part payment on the job—and had told them he'd finish paying them after they had finished their printing job. This he did, when they had started out to place one on every porch and doorstep in town—when they were picked up by the police.

"Didn't you know the leaflets contained this extra paper?" the judge asked.

"No," Speck explained, "we were told that they contained valuable coupons. . . ."

"A likely story!" The detective scowled—but was careful to keep his voice in a moderate tone. "These spies all have a story to tell, Your Honor—and I might add that I've heard better ones."

The judge scratched his chin. Speck looked scared . . . and Sis started to sob. The silence was broken by only one sound—a bark!

The two youngsters turned sharply to see their pal. Spot, come running out of one of the side rooms. An officer had been told to keep him there while the trial was going on.

"Spot!" Sis called, no longer frightened. The sight of their tail-wagging friend cast a new glow of hope over the darkening situation. However, the judge interrupted again.

"The detective may be right—you may be right. I can only do my duty as I see it . . . and I can only see facts! Unless you can prove . . ."

Suddenly there was a commotion behind Speck! As he turned, he saw little Sis and Spot running like two little jack rabbits down the long aisle toward the doors—to freedom!

"Omigosh!" Speck thought. "She's making a break for it! They'll lock her up for sure, now!"

As he stood there, the big detective made a leap toward the two tiny, running figures. Speck acted fast. He jutted one of his firm, young legs out and tripped the man who went down with a terrific crash, breaking a table and two chairs.

Adding to the din, the frantic magistrate tried his best to pound a hole in the mahogany top of the "bench!" "ORDER! ORDER! ORDER!" He

shouted till he was hoarse, but the confusion was too great to overcome.

Sis ran directly toward the bike and trailer, which they had used in the distribution of the pamphlets, and which was now testing against the seats in the rear of the court.

"Stop her!" Shouted the felled detective. "She's trying to make a getaway!"

THREE HUSKY uniformed policemen converged toward the spot! But, when they reached there, they found Sis—not trying to run away—but merely reading some pencil marks on the side of the soap box that was the "trailer"! One of them picked her up by the back of the collar and proudly paraded up the aisle toward the red-eyed judge once again!

He scowled, he glared, he snorted—and he puffed, from his unaccustomed exertion. Obviously, there was only one answer to this case, insofar as he was concerned! *Guilty*, unless proven otherwise—and with no concessions.

"Now," the Judge smiled diabolically, "we'll bring this little case to a rapid conclusion! Have either of you anything to say before I pronounce sentence?"

"Yes, I have!" Everyone's eyes glued on little Sis! She was holding up her right hand, as she had done in school, to attract attention.

"What is it?"

"I have the license number of the autermobile the man used who gave Speck the printing job!"

"WHAT?" The judge almost exploded. "Why didn't you tell us this before?"

"I didn't think of it before." Sis calmly pointed out. "Is it a clue, or something?"

"I'll say it is, Sis!" Speck hugged his little sister for the first time in years. "It just about solves everything, doesn't it, Judge?"

"Your brother's right, Little Sis!" The judge smiled, happy to see some answer to the strange case. "And, if *you're* right—we can get this man and set you free!"

Well, to make a short story shorter, the number was right, all right, and the police dragged the flustered Fifth Columnist before the court. He was found guilty—and given a free ticket to the country he was trying to sell to the already contented American people! Speck, Spot, and Sis were cleared.

* * *

"Tell me, Sis," Speck had his arm around his little sister, "what ever made you think to write down the number on the box?"

"Well, the man didn't pay us all at once—so I took down his number so's we'd be able to collect the rest of the money to buy lots of chocolate sodas!"

THE END

...SUPREME
SACRIFICE!

LUCKY BYRD

Flier of G-2

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

YOU'RE LUCKY BYRD!
I'M CARL WERNER,
LIEUTENANT, AIR CORPS.

GLAD TO KNOW
YOU, WERNER!

FOILING THE ATTEMPT
OF THE DICTATORS TO
CRASH THEIR T.N.T. LOADED,
RADIO CONTROLLED
PLANES INTO NEW YORK
CITY, LUCKY IS CERTAIN
THAT ANOTHER ATTEMPT
WILL BE MADE—THIS TIME,
PROBABLY FROM WITHIN.
SO, LUCKY ASKS TO BE
ASSIGNED TO MITCHELL
FIELD, OUTSIDE NEW
YORK CITY, WHERE HE
CAN BE READY IN CASE
OF TROUBLE.

BUT, ARE YOU? ALL OF THE
OTHER PILOTS HERE SHUN
ME LIKE THEY WOULD A
PLAGUE!

THEY DO? WHY?

ALTHOUGH I AM A CITIZEN,
HERE 15 YEARS, BECAUSE I
WAS BORN IN [REDACTED], THEY
THINK I AM A FIFTH
COLUMNIST!

BOSH! IN
THE LAST WAR,
SOME OF OUR
GREATEST
HEROES WERE
FOREIGN
BORN!

* DELETED BY CENSOR!

LATER, BYRD IS WARNED

BYRD, YOU'RE GETTING
TOO FRIENDLY WITH
WERNER! WE DON'T
TRUST HIM!

NO?

WELL, REMEMBER THIS! IN THE LAST WAR, THIS BUSINESS OF SUSPECTING EVERYONE, AS YOU MEN ARE DOING, GOT SO BAD THAT PRESIDENT WILSON HAD TO WARN THE WELL-MEANING CITIZENS THEY WERE GOING TOO FAR, AND TO CUT IT OUT! SO, LAY OFF OF WERNER!

THANKS, LUCKY. BUT DON'T GET INTO TROUBLE BECAUSE OF ME!

FORGET IT, WERNER. LET'S GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT! HOW ABOUT GOING INTO BRAUVILLE WITH ME TONIGHT?

THAT NIGHT IN BRAUVILLE.
* CENTER OF NEW YORK.

LUCKY, LET'S GO IN THAT RESTAURANT. I JUST SAW A MAN GO IN THERE, AND IF—

* DELETED BY CENSOR.

THAT MAN! HE'S THE IMAGE OF YOU, CARL WERNER!

HE SHOULD BE—

— HE'S MY TWIN BROTHER, OTTO, WHO STAYED IN EUROPE, AND IS SYMPATHETIC TO THEIR CAUSE! BUT, BROTHER OR NOT, AMERICA COMES FIRST, BYRD!

I KNOW, CARL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER.
INSIDE THE RESTAURANT.

NEXT MORNING, LUCKY IS CALLED INTO G-2 HEADQUARTERS.

BYRD, ONE OF OUR AGENTS REPORTS A TREMENDOUS PLOT TO KILL MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN NEW YORK! THE PLOTTERS HANG OUT IN THE BLITZCHEN CLUB, IN BRAUVILLE!

GO ON, COL. CLIVE!

ONE OF THE RINGLEADERS IS OUR LIEUT. CARL WERNER! HE WAS POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AT THE BLITZCHEN CLUB, LAST NIGHT!

IMPOSSIBLE, COLONEL! CARL WERNER WAS WITH ME LAST NIGHT!

I SAW THE MAN YOU MEAN! IT IS OTTO WERNER, CARL'S TWIN! I'LL VOUCH FOR CARL!

I MUST HAVE HIM WATCHED, BYRD! NOT THAT I DON'T TRUST YOU, BUT I CAN TAKE NO CHANCES!

HERE'S AN IDEA! HAVE **CARL WERNER** TRANSFERRED TO **G-2**, AND ASSIGNED TO **ME**! THEN **I** CAN WATCH HIM. ALSO, HE **MAY** BE HELPFUL!

VERY WELL, BYRD, BUT IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!



THUS, THAT AFTERNOON-

WERNER, YOU REALIZE THAT IN WORKING WITH ME IN **G-2**, YOU **MAY** HAVE TO **WORK AGAINST YOUR OWN BROTHER?**

AMERICA COMES FIRST, BYRD!



THAT NIGHT, IN CIVILIAN DRESS.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, WERNER. **THERE'S** THE **BLITZCHEN CLUB**.

-WHERE I AM TO **IMPERSONATE OTTO**, MY **TWIN BROTHER**! RIGHT, BYRD!



OTTO, YOU'RE **EARLY**! SO MUCH THE BETTER! **NOW**, FOR THE **FINAL PLANS**!

WE ARE READY!



WERNER ENTERS THE **BLITZCHEN CLUB**!

TEN MINUTES LATER.

ALL IS UNDERSTOOD, **OTTO**?

YES, AND NOW I GO!

IF HE KNEW I WAS **CARL**, NOT **OTTO**!



AT THE DOOR, THE TWINS MEET.

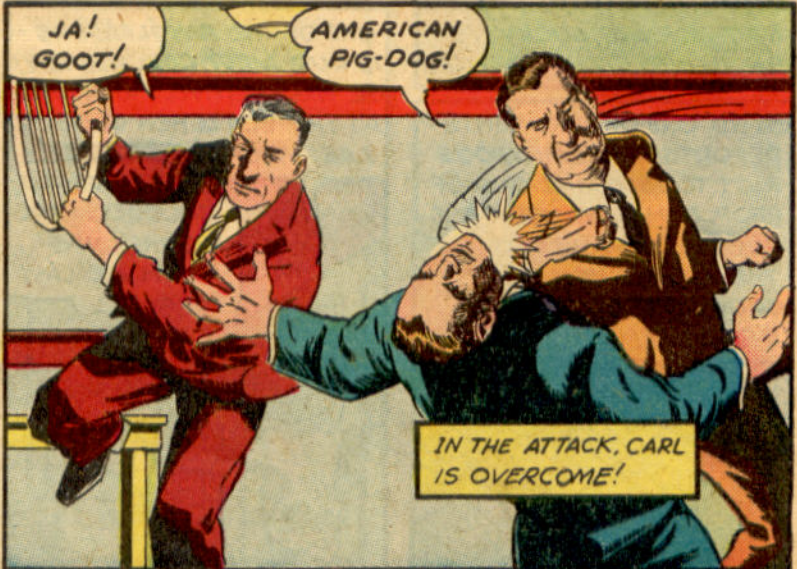
OTTO!

CARL! MEN, SEIZE THIS **SPY**!

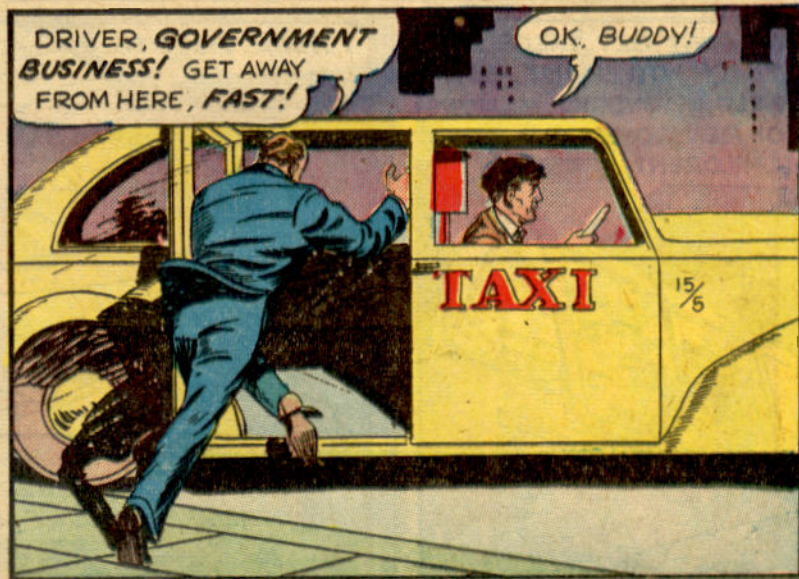
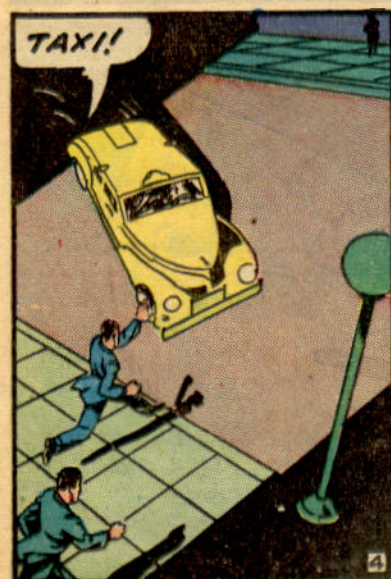
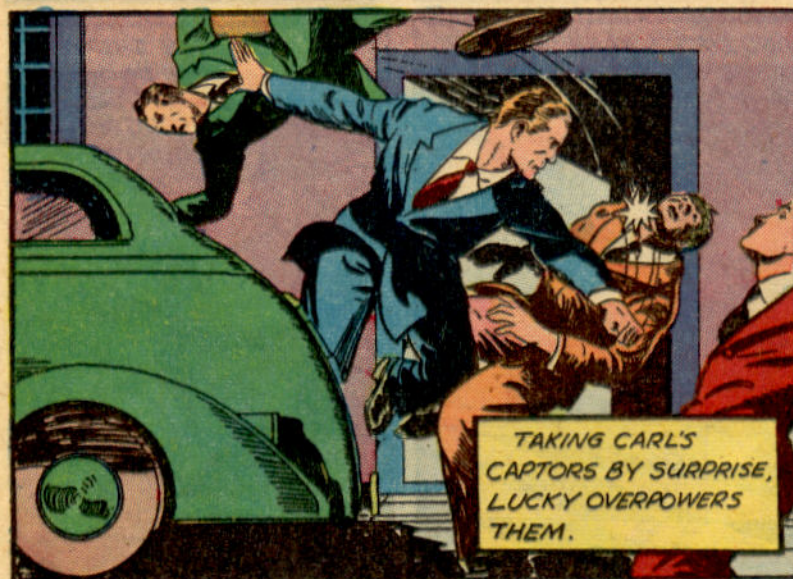


JA!
GOOT!

AMERICAN
PIG-DOG!



IN THE ATTACK, **CARL** IS **OVERCOME**!



DRIVER, MITCHELL FIELD,
LONG ISLAND! AND,
DRIVE LIKE BLAZES!



LUCKY, THEY'RE GOING TO
DROP CHOLERA BACILLI INTO
CROTON RESERVOIR, TONIGHT.



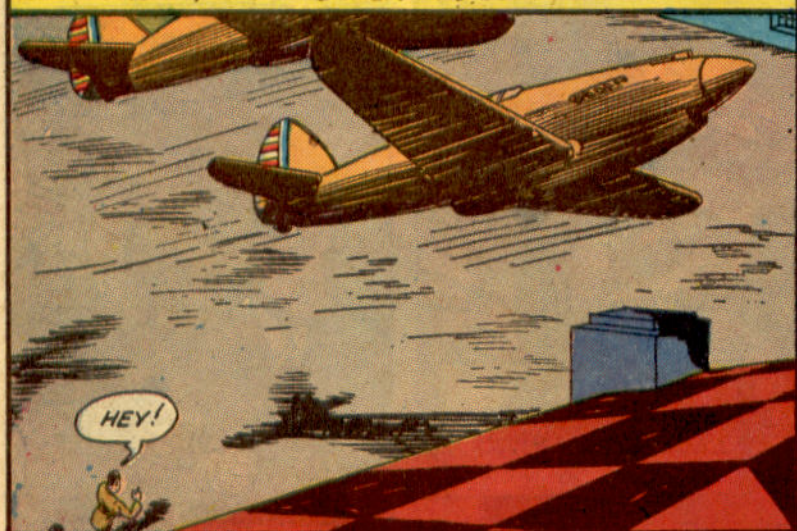
AND, WHEN
THAT WATER
GETS TO NEW
YORK —
FASTER, DRIVER!

AT MITCHELL FIELD THEY LEAP
INTO THEIR PLANES.



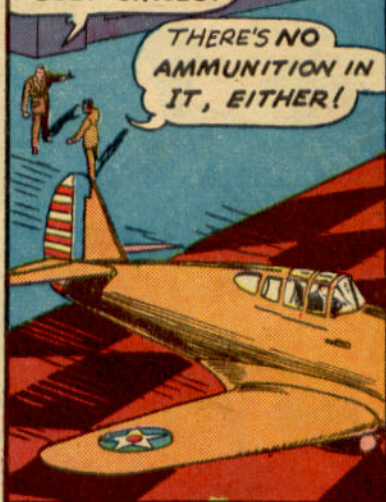
WE *MUST* HEAD THEM OFF,
LUCKY!

WITH A ROAR, CARL WERNER AND LUCKY TAKE OFF.



HEY!

LIEUT. WERNER'S SHIP ISN'T
FULLY GASSED!

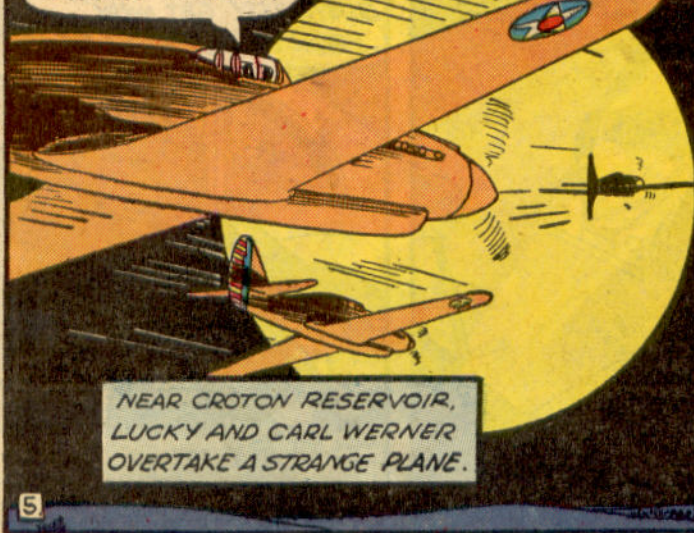


THERE'S NO
AMMUNITION IN
IT, EITHER!

WE *MUST* GET THERE IN
TIME! OTHERWISE, HEAVEN
HELP NEW YORK'S MILLIONS
OF MEN, WOMEN AND
CHILDREN!

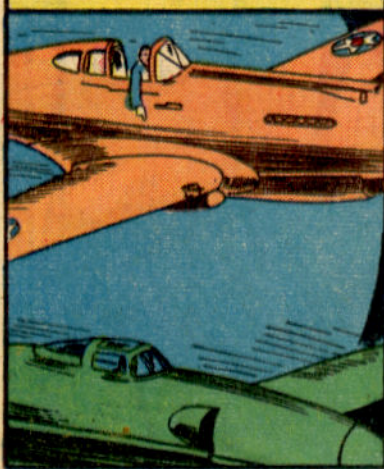


I THINK THAT'S IT!

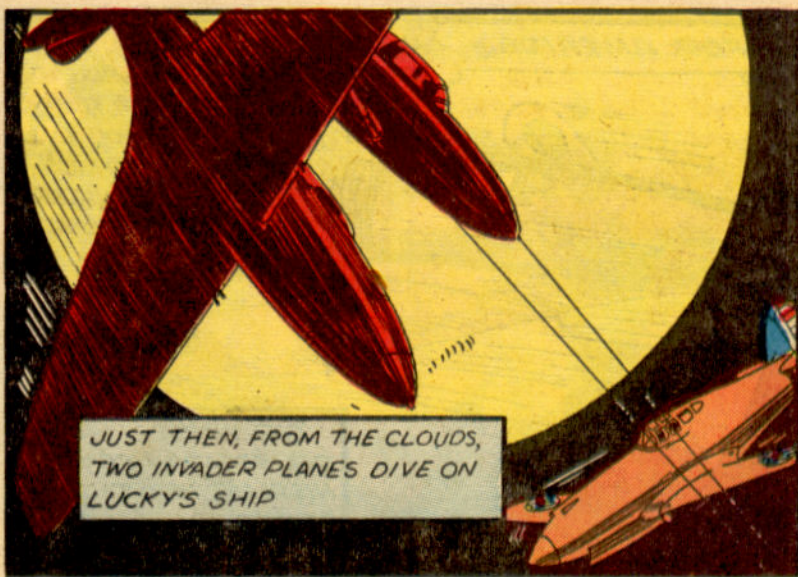


NEAR CROTON RESERVOIR,
LUCKY AND CARL WERNER
OVERTAKE A STRANGE PLANE.

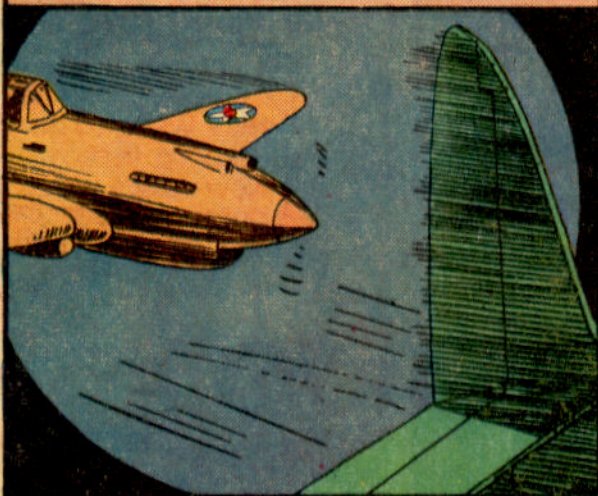
DRAWING ALONGSIDE THE STRANGE PLANE, LUCKY GIVES THE UNIVERSAL SIGNAL TO LAND.



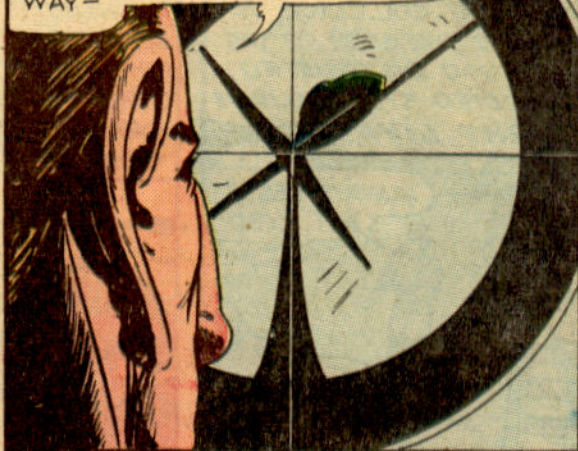
JUST THEN, FROM THE CLOUDS, TWO INVADER PLANES DIVE ON LUCKY'S SHIP



MEANWHILE, CARL WERNER CLOSES IN ON THE STRANGE, UNMARKED PLANE.

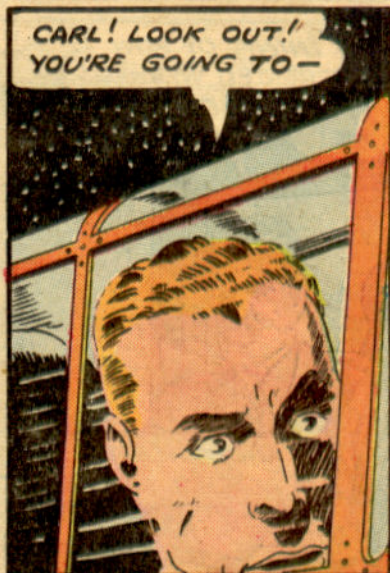


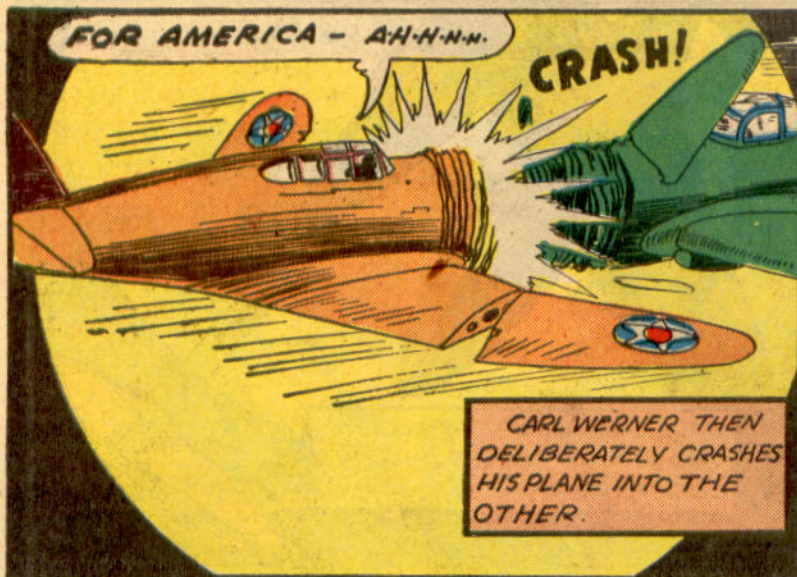
THIS WILL FINISH HIM! WHAT'S WRONG? THESE GUNS WON'T FIRE! WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER WAY—



CARL! LOOK OUT! YOU'RE GOING TO—

ONE ATTACKER FALLS TO LUCKY'S GUNS— THEN ANOTHER.





LATER, AT THE WRECKAGE OF CARL WERNER'S PLANE.

AND AT THE WRECKAGE OF THE INVADER PLANE



THE SUPREME SACRIFICE, BYRD! BUT, WHAT WAS BEHIND IT ALL?

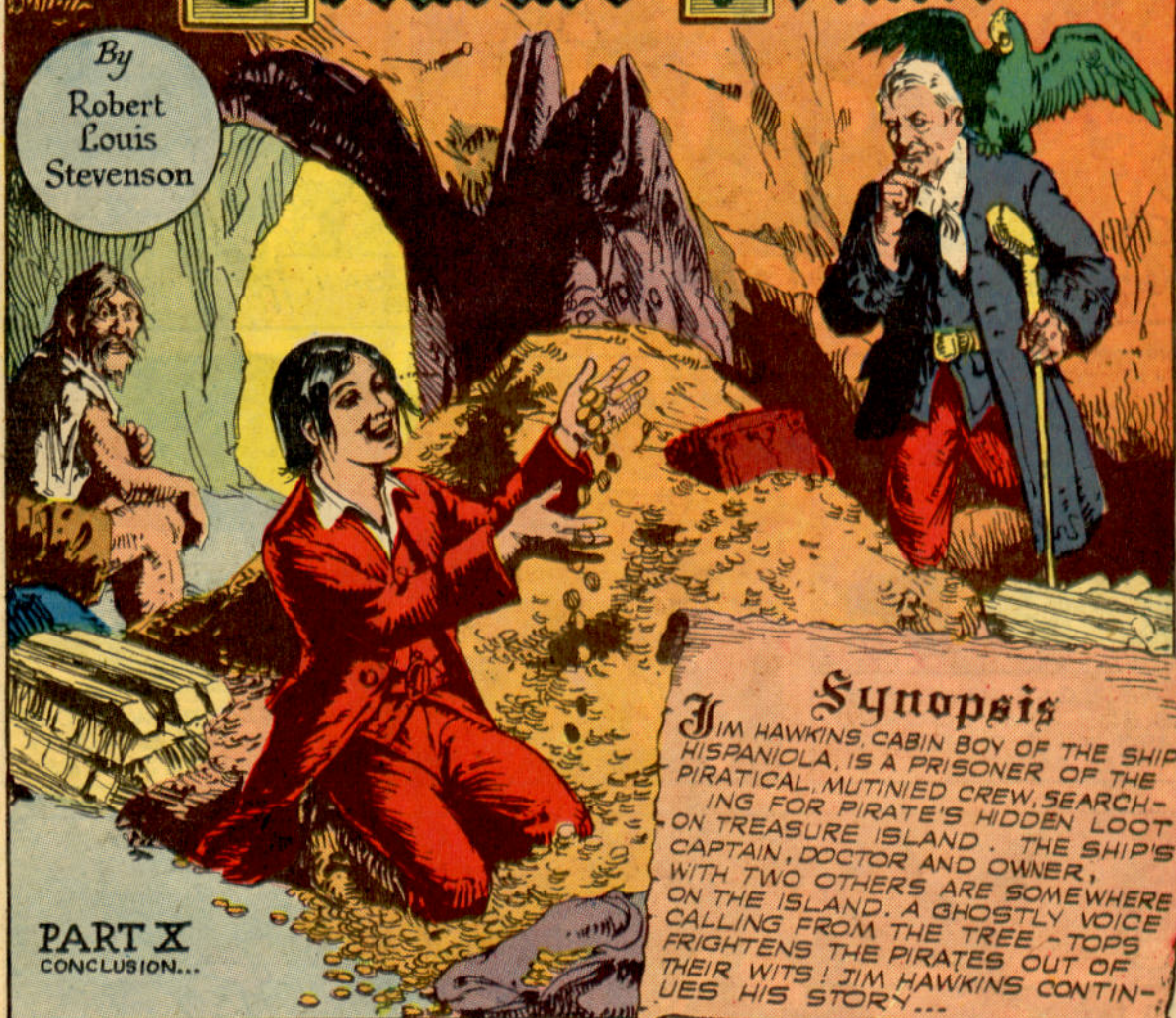


LUCKY BYRD
NEXT MONTH,
...
FOILS A PLOT
TO DESTROY A
NEW, SECRET PLANE.
In the next
TARGET COMICS.

A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor

Treasure Island

By
Robert
Louis
Stevenson



PART X
CONCLUSION...

Synopsis

JIM HAWKINS, CABIN BOY OF THE SHIP HISPANIOLA, IS A PRISONER OF THE PIRATICAL, MUTINIED CREW, SEARCHING FOR PIRATE'S HIDDEN LOOT ON TREASURE ISLAND. THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN, DOCTOR AND OWNER, WITH TWO OTHERS ARE SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND. A GHOSTLY VOICE CALLING FROM THE TREE-TOPS FRIGHTENS THE PIRATES OUT OF THEIR WITS! JIM HAWKINS CONTINUES HIS STORY...

"BOUT, SHIP MATES! WE'RE ON THE WRONG TACK! COME TO THINK OF IT, I KNOW THAT VOICE." CRIED JOHN SILVER.



BY THE POWERS, IT WAS BEN GUNN'S.



"NOBODY MINDS BEN GUNN," THEY LAUGHED, "DEAD OR ALIVE!"





THEY SHOULDERED THEIR TOOLS AND SET FORTH AGAIN, "MERRY" WALKING FIRST...WITH SILVER'S COMPASS.

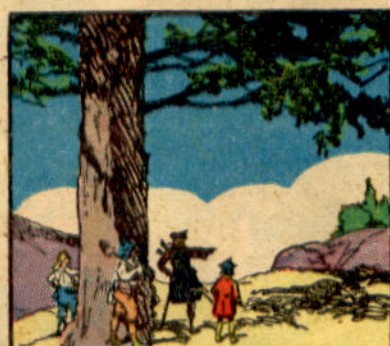


ONE ALONE HELD HIS BIBLE AND LOOKED AROUND WITH FEARFUL GLANCES.



SILVER JOKED WITH HIM ABOUT IT.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE A SPIRIT WOULD CARE FOR THAT?



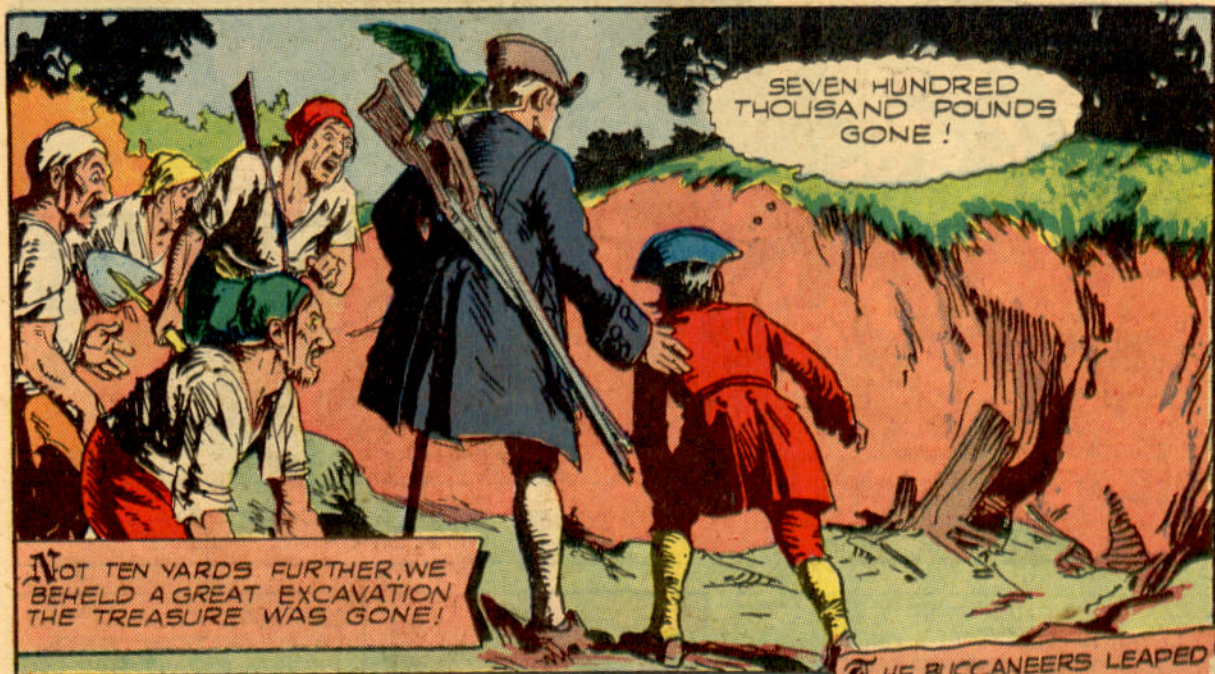
THE TREASURE WAS TO BE FOUND IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT TREE.



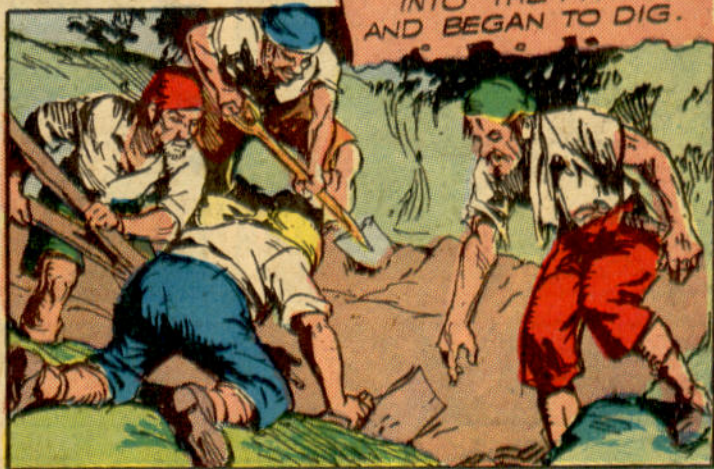
NOW AND AGAIN I STUMBLERED... AND SILVER PLUCKED ROUGHLY AT THE ROPE.



"HURRAH, MATES, ALL TOGETHER!" ONE SHOUTED, AND THEY ALL BROKE INTO A RUN!



"JIM," SILVER WHISPERED, "TAKE THAT AND STAND BY FOR TROUBLE."



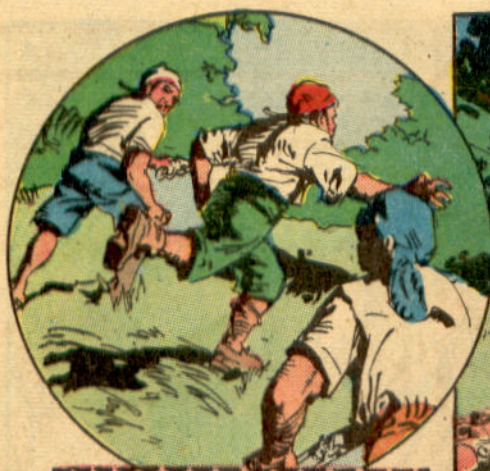
ONE FOUND A PIECE OF GOLD. HE HELD IT UP WITH A SPOUT OF OATHS!



THE COOL INSOLENCE IN SILVER'S VOICE WAS PLAIN. THE MEN SCREAMED AT HIM!



THEY STARTED TO CHARGE WHEN "CRACK, CRACK!" --- TWO OF THEM FELL!



THE OTHER THREE
TURNED AND
RAN FOR IT.



AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE DOCTOR, GRAY AND BEN
GUNN JOINED US WITH SMOKING MUSKETS.

"BEN, BEN," MURMURED SILVER.
"TO THINK YOU'VE DONE ME."



THE DOCTOR RE-
LATED THE STORY
OF BEN GUNN,
THE MAROON.

"BEN HAD FOUND THE
SKELETON AND
RIFLED IT..."



HE FOUND THE TREASURE
AND DUG IT UP... AND...

HE HAD CARRIED IT ON HIS BACK IN
MANY WEARY JOURNEYS, TO
THE CAVE HE HAD FOUND."



WE WENT TO THE CAVE
WHERE THE SQUIRE
MET ME KINDLY.



..TO SILVER, HE SAID...

JOHN SILVER!
YOU ARE A
VILLAIN AND
IMPOSTER. I
AM TOLD NOT TO
PROSECUTE YOU.

THANK
YOU
KINDLY,
SIR!



IN THE CAVE, BEFORE A
FIRE, LAY THE CAPTAIN.

IN THE CORNER I BEHELD GREAT
HEAPS OF COIN AND BARS OF GOLD.



"COME BACK TO MY DUTY,
SIR," SAID SILVER. "AH!"
SAID THE CAPTAIN...
...BUT NOTHING MORE!



WHAT A SUPPER WE HAD THAT NIGHT! SILVER ATE
HEARTILY AND JOINED QUIETLY IN OUR LAUGHTER.



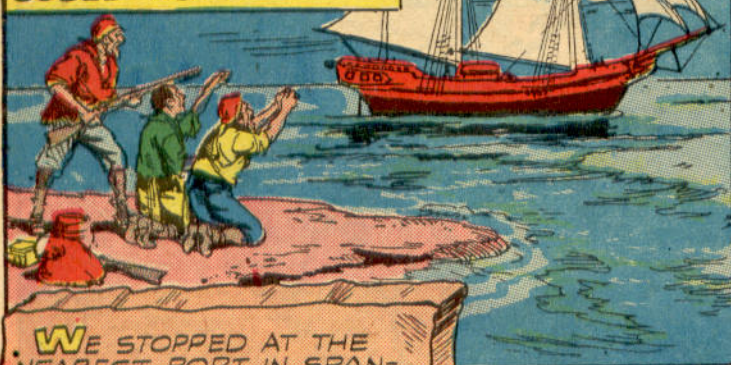


THE TREASURE WAS REMOVED TO THE BEACH - THENCE BY BOAT TO THE HISPANIOLA.



I WAS KEPT BUSY ALL DAY PACKING THE MINTED MONEY INTO BREAD BAGS.

WE SAILED THROUGH THE NARROWS. THE THREE PIRATES LEFT THERE PLEADED WITH US TO TAKE THEM OFF----- BUT WE COULD NOT.



WE STOPPED AT THE NEAREST PORT IN SPANISH AMERICA FOR FRESH HANDS. ON RETURNING TO THE BOAT AFTER A SHORE TRIP, BEN GUNN TOLD US THAT SILVER HAD ESCAPED!



ONE SENT A SHOT WHISTLING OVER SILVER'S HEAD!



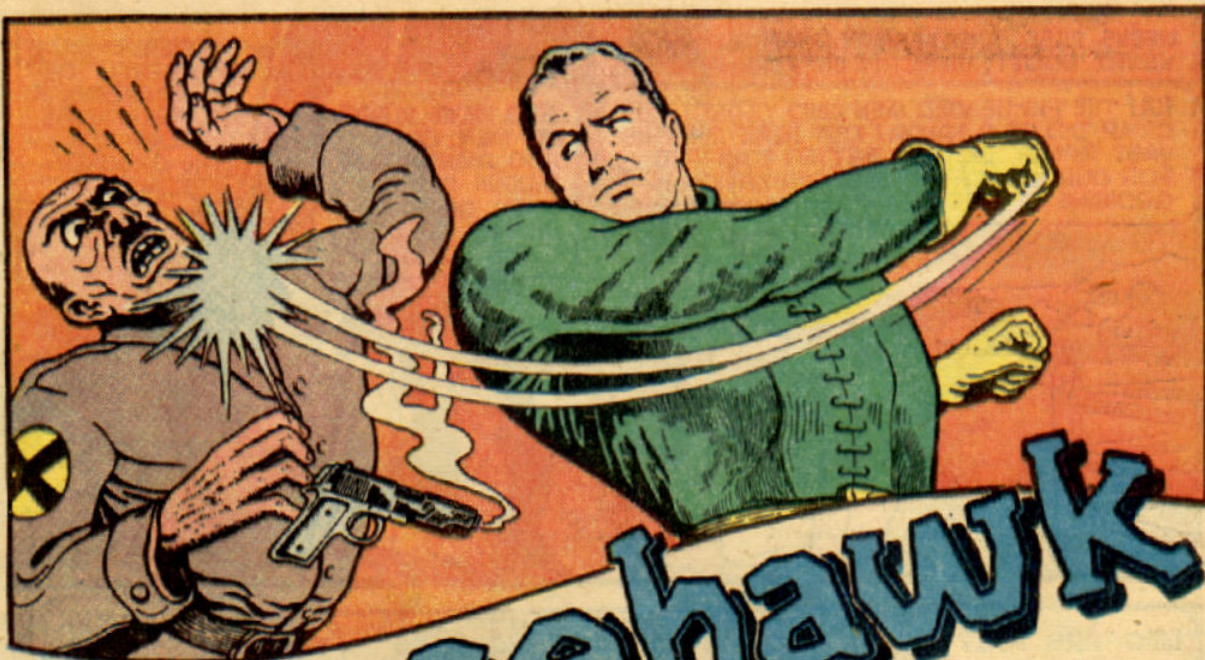
WELL, WE MADE A GOOD CRUISE HOME AND REACHED BRISTOL SAFELY. NOTHING COULD BRING ME BACK TO THAT ACCURSED ISLAND! AND TO THIS DAY MY DREAMS ARE HAUNTED WITH THE SHARP VOICE OF CAPTAIN FLINT RINGING, "PIECES OF EIGHT! PIECES OF EIGHT!"



HE HAD CARRIED OFF ONE OF THE SACKS OF COIN! GOOD RIDDANCE, WE ALL FELT!



The End



Spacehawk

by
Basil
Wolverton

And the
BULLET SHIP
....that brought
VENGEANCE from the VOID

FEDERAL OFFICERS ACT TO CLOSE UP
A CERTAIN SUBVERSIVE CAMP.....

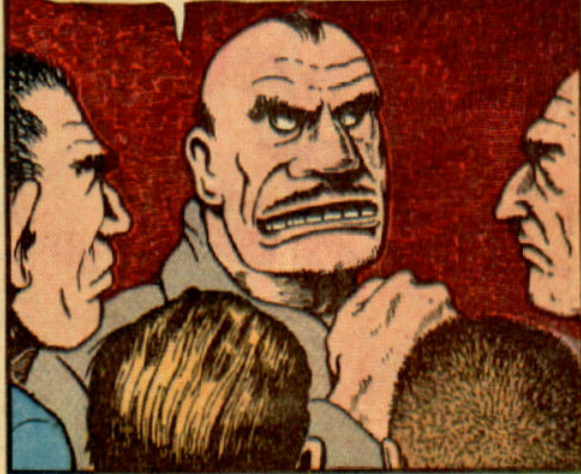
THEY'RE ALL
SMOKED
OUT, CHIEF!

GOOD! THIS COUNTRY
HAS NO PLACE FOR
FOREIGN MILITARY GANGS!
POST A GUARD TO SEE
THAT THOSE HOODLUMS
DON'T COME BACK!



HERMAN VOGEL, LEADER OF
THE ALIEN ORGANIZATION,
LATER MEETS WITH SOME
OF HIS MEN....

THEY CHASED US OUT OF OUR CAMP,
BUT THEY'LL NOT CHASE US OUT OF
THE COUNTRY! I'LL PREPARE A
NEW AND BETTER PLACE WHERE WE
CAN LIVE AND SECRETLY TRAIN FOR
THE DAY OF RECKONING!

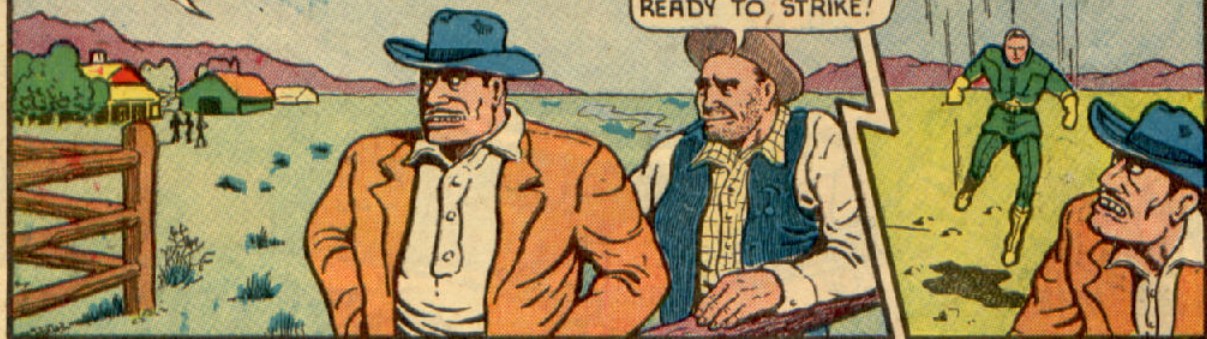


WEEKS PASS, AND HERMAN VOGEL BECOMES HENRY SCOTT, WEALTHY WESTERN RANCHER...

HA! THE PIG-HEADED MEN WHO CLOSED OUR CAMP DID US A FAVOR! OUT HERE ON THIS VAST RANCH WE ARE BETTER EQUIPPED FOR OUR WORK! OUR ORGANIZATION IS GROWING IN FINE SHAPE!

AND WE'VE PLENTY OF MEN, GUNS AND AMMUNITION HIDDEN AWAY! WHEN THE TIME COMES, WE'LL BE READY TO STRIKE!

SUDDENLY — APPARENTLY OUT OF NOWHERE, A STRANGE FIGURE DROPS TO THE GROUND!



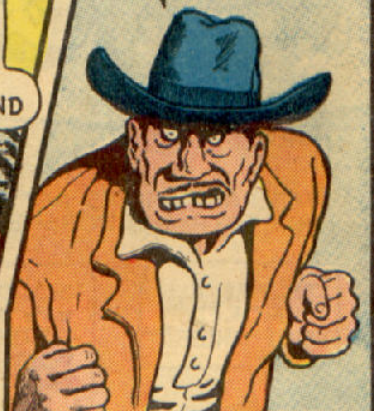
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU, HERMAN VOGEL, TO CLEAR OUT NOW!

WISE GUY, EH? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO ORDER ME OFF MY OWN PROPERTY?

I'M WORKING IN THE INTERESTS OF THE U.S. I KNOW THAT YOUR SO-CALLED GUESTS AND HIRED MEN ARE YOUR OLD GANG OF BACK-STABBERS! GET OFF THIS RANCH WITHIN AN HOUR, AND LEAVE YOUR GUNS, AMMUNITION AND SPY REPORTS BEHIND!

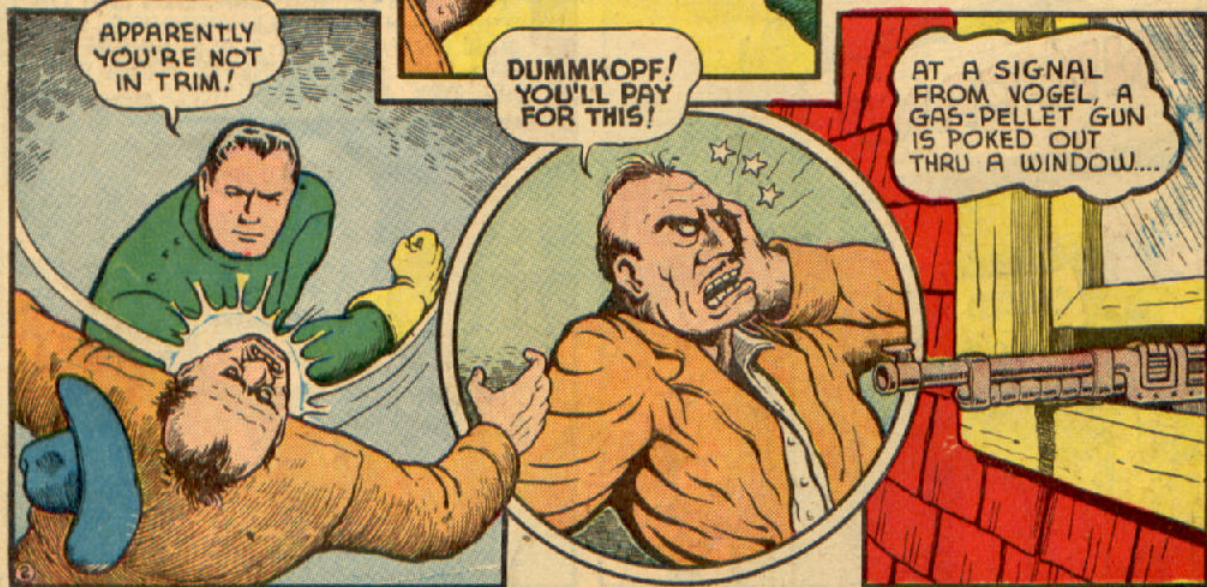
YEAH? WELL — NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO TO SNOOPERS!



APPARENTLY YOU'RE NOT IN TRIM!

DUMMKOPF! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

AT A SIGNAL FROM VOGEL, A GAS-PELLET GUN IS POKED OUT THRU A WINDOW...



THERE IS A SOFT HISS. SOMETHING SPATTERS IN SPACEHAWK'S FACE, AND HE SLUMPS FORWARD...

WHEN HE REVIVES FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE KNOCK-OUT GAS, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO THE GROUND....

MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MOVE, AND YOU DIE! THAT'S THE IDEA!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THAT LINE ATTACHED TO YOUR WRIST RUNS TO A DYNAMITE SWITCH! IF YOU MOVE YOUR ARM SO MUCH AS AN INCH THAT BOULDER WILL BE BLASTED OVER AND YOU'LL BE CRUSHED TO A PULP!

SO LONG, MR. BIG TALK! WE'LL BE LISTENING FOR THE EXPLOSION!

VOGEL AND HIS MEN RETURN TO THE RANCH HOUSE....

BOOM

THERE SHE GOES! HE TRIED TO GET AWAY!

THAT'S THE END OF THAT MEDDLER! NO ONE WILL EVER FIND HIM BENEATH ALL THAT ROCK!

OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, THE BOULDER CRASHES OVER!

BUT SPACEHAWK IS NOT UNDER IT! USING MENTAL TELEPATHY, HE HAS CALLED DORK, HIS SPACE-FLYING PARTNER, TO RESCUE HIM....

WOW! LOOK WHERE YOU'D BE IF YOU'D SET OFF THAT BLAST BEFORE I GOT HERE!

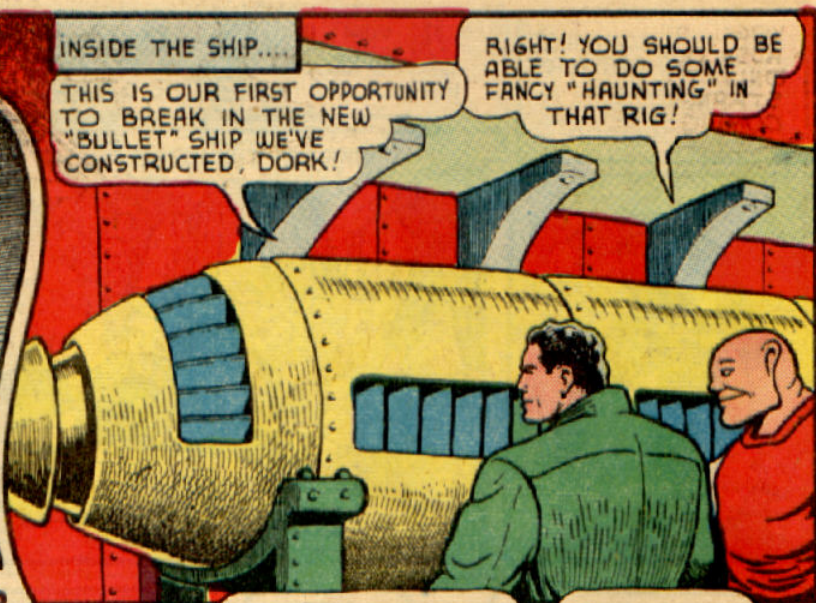
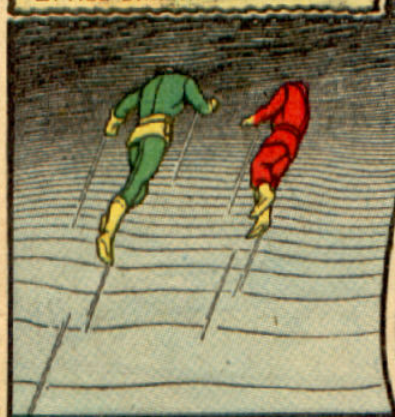
THANKS, DORK! AND NOW THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, I'M GOING BACK AND DO A LITTLE HAUNTING!

LIFTED BY ANTI-GRAVITY
POWER IN THEIR APPAREL,
THE TWO MEN WHISK UP
TO SPACEHAWK'S
SPACE-SHIP....

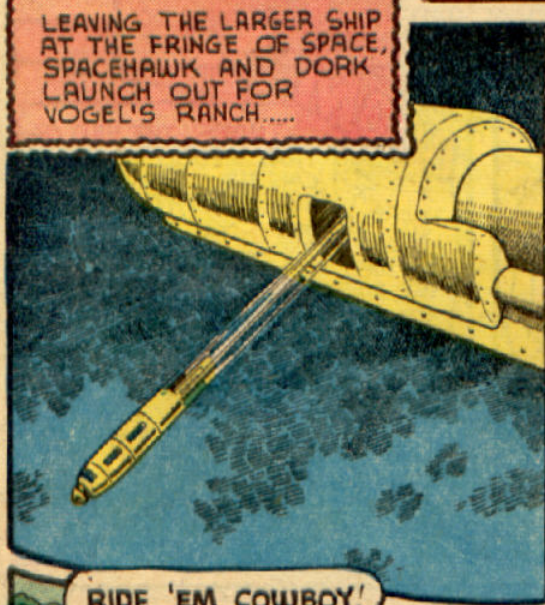
INSIDE THE SHIP....

THIS IS OUR FIRST OPPORTUNITY
TO BREAK IN THE NEW
"BULLET" SHIP WE'VE
CONSTRUCTED, DORK!

RIGHT! YOU SHOULD BE
ABLE TO DO SOME
FANCY "HAUNTING" IN
THAT RIG!

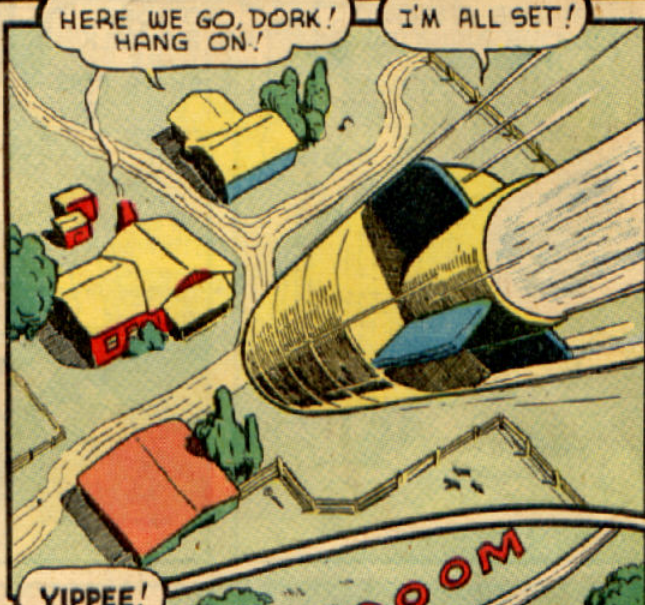


LEAVING THE LARGER SHIP
AT THE FRINGE OF SPACE,
SPACEHAWK AND DORK
LAUNCH OUT FOR
VOGEL'S RANCH....



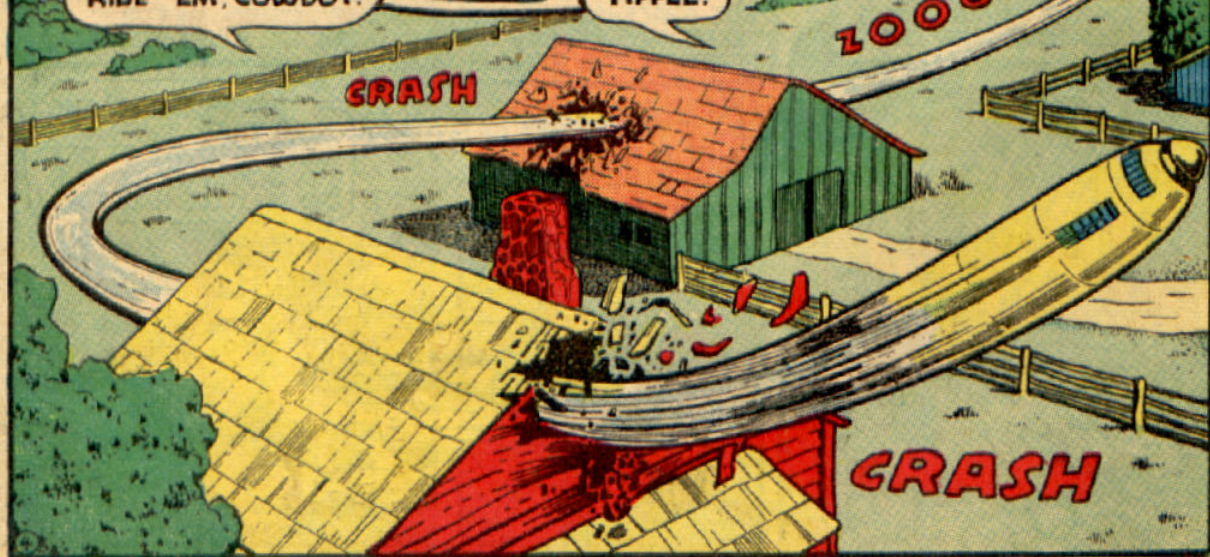
HERE WE GO, DORK!
HANG ON!

I'M ALL SET!



RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!

YIPPEE!



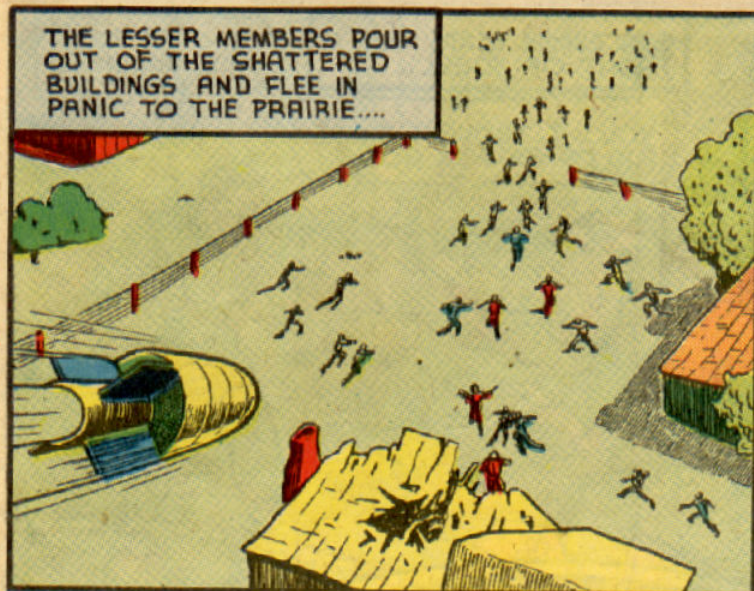


VOGEL AND HIS HENCHMEN
RUSH OUT OF DOORS,
ONLY TO MEET THE
STRANGE CRAFT
COMING BACK!

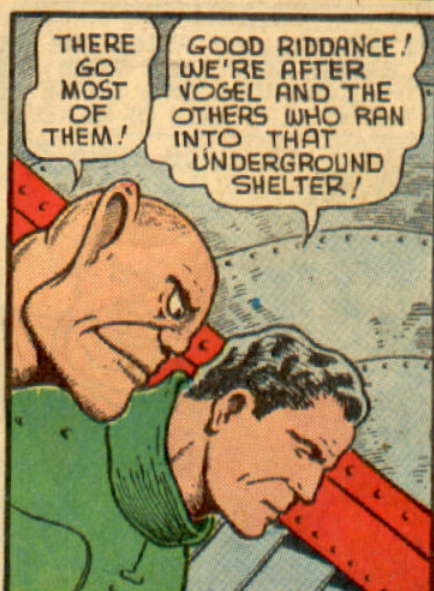
WHAT IN
CREATION
IS IT?

IT'S COMING
AT US!

RUN FOR THE
RAID SHELTER!



THE LESSER MEMBERS POUR
OUT OF THE SHATTERED
BUILDINGS AND FLEE IN
PANIC TO THE PRAIRIE....



THERE
GO
MOST
OF
THEM!

GOOD RIDDANCE!
WE'RE AFTER
VOGEL AND THE
OTHERS WHO RAN
INTO THAT
UNDERGROUND
SHELTER!



WE'RE SAFE HERE!
NOW WE'LL WAIT
UNTIL THAT
CONTRAPTION HITS
OUR ARSENAL, AND
THEN WE'LL GO OUT
AND PICK UP
THE PIECES!



THERE'S ONE BUILDING
WE DIDN'T HIT,
SPACEHAWK!

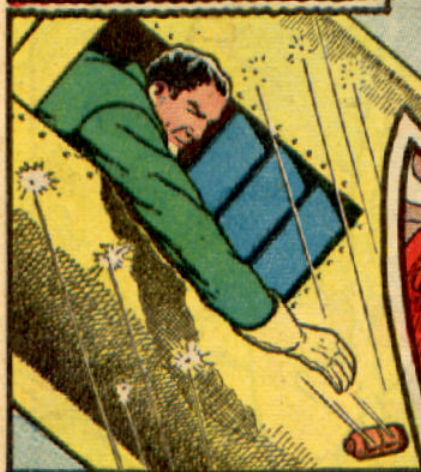
IT'S A GOOD THING
WE DIDN'T, DORK!
THAT'S THEIR ARSENAL!



IT'S COMING
BACK THIS
WAY, VOGEL!

IF THERE'S
ANYONE
INSIDE THAT
THING, I'LL
PLUG THEM
FULL OF
HOLES!

FACING A STORM OF
LEAD, SPACEHAWK HURLS
A TEAR GAS BOMB.....



GASPING AND CHOKING, THE RATS
SCURRY OUT OF THEIR HOLE...



A DIRTY TRICK! YOU
CAN'T DO THIS TO
DECENT, LAW-ABIDING
CITIZENS!

I'M GOING OUT AFTER THE
LEADER, DORK! YOU TAKE
THE CONTROLS AND CHASE
THE OTHERS OUT OF HERE!

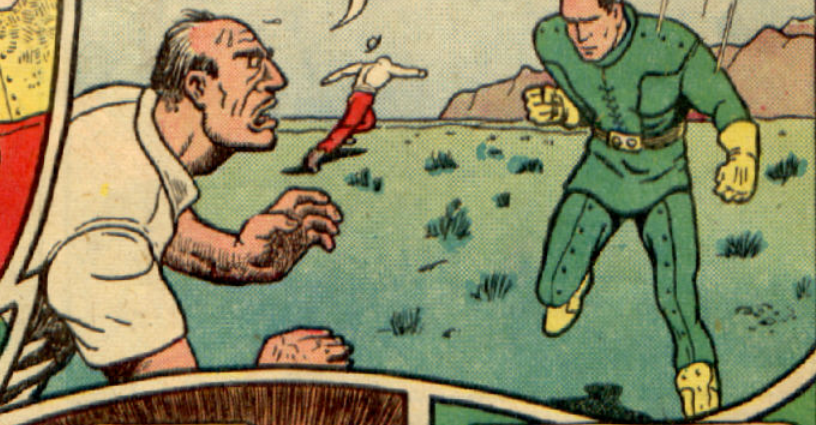
I'LL WARM THEIR
HEELS PLENTY!



SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT IN
FRONT OF VOGEL...

YOU! I THOUGHT I GOT
RID OF YOU FOR GOOD!

I GAVE YOU
FAIR WARNING!
NOW, ARE YOU
READY TO
CLEAR OUT?



VOGEL YANKS
OUT A KNIFE.....

I'LL SEE YOU
DEAD FIRST!

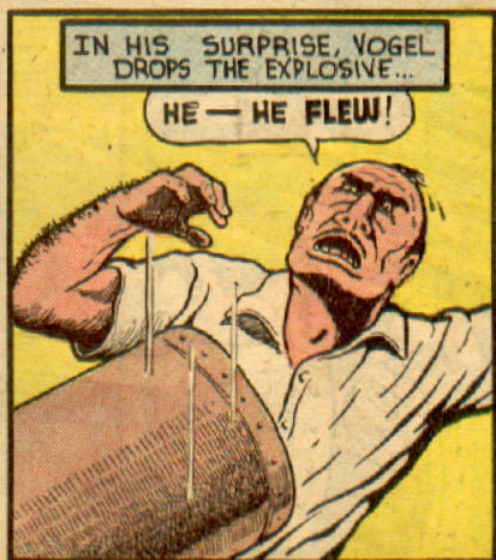
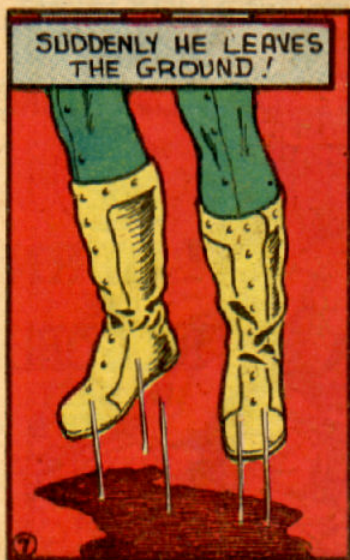
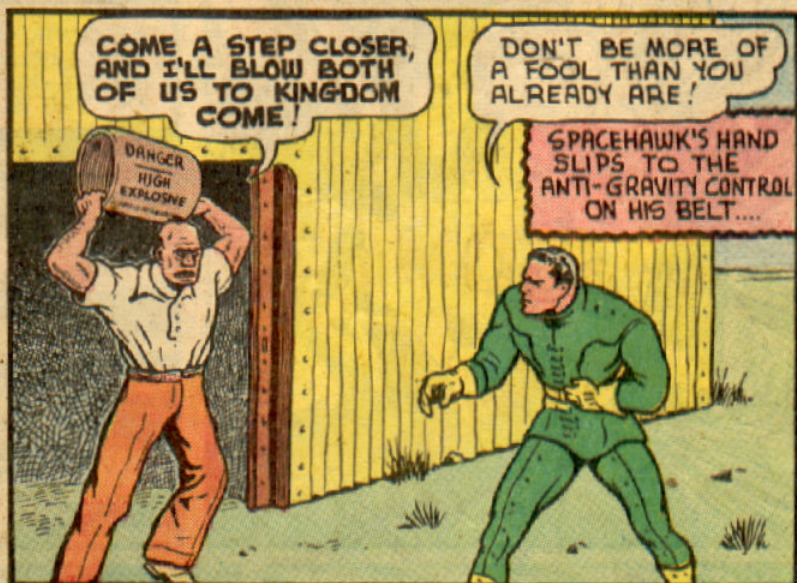


DROP IT!



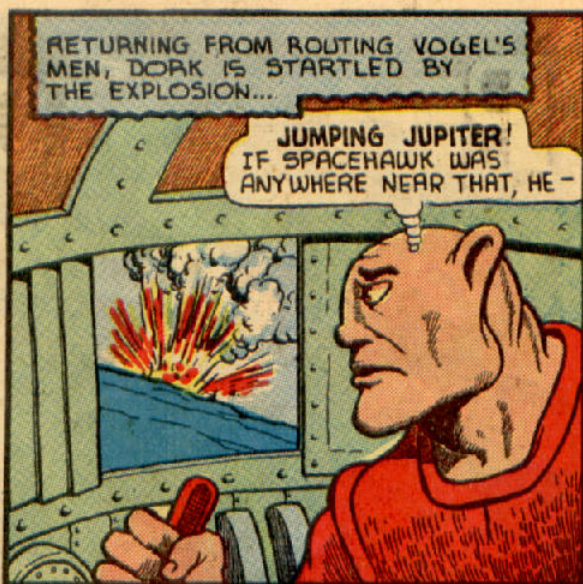
HERE'S ANOTHER FOR
WHAT YOU INTENDED
TO DO TO ME!





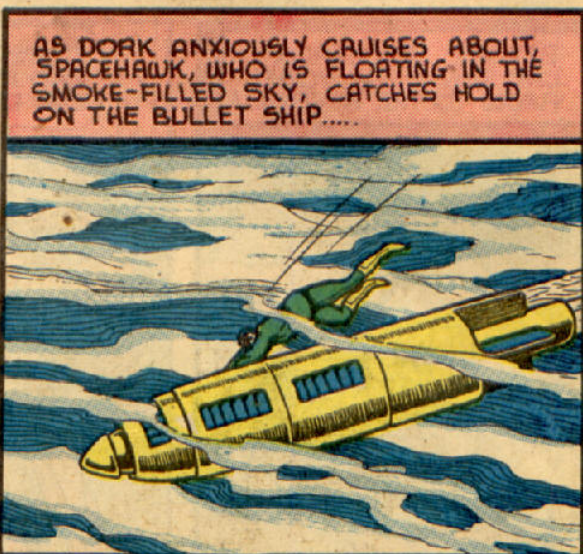


THE ARSENAL GOES UP
IN A TERRIFIC BLAST!



RETURNING FROM ROUTING VOGEL'S
MEN, DORK IS STARTLED BY
THE EXPLOSION...

JUMPING JUPITER!
IF SPACEHAWK WAS
ANYWHERE NEAR THAT, HE -



AS DORK ANXIOUSLY CRUISES ABOUT,
SPACEHAWK, WHO IS FLOATING IN THE
SMOKE-FILLED SKY, CATCHES HOLD
ON THE BULLET SHIP....



SPACEHAWK!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE -

YOU CAN'T KEEP
A GOOD MAN
DOWN, SO I CAME
UP - JUST IN TIME
TO ESCAPE!



WHERE TO
NOW,
SPACEHAWK?

BACK TO THE
SPACE-SHIP,
DORK! I'VE
A SET OF SORE
KNUCKLES THAT
NEED TREATMENT!

ANOTHER
SPACEHAWK
ADVENTURE

AND
THE

RETURN
OF
DR. GORE

IN NEXT
MONTH'S

**TARGET
COMICS**

PETE STOCKBRIDGE-

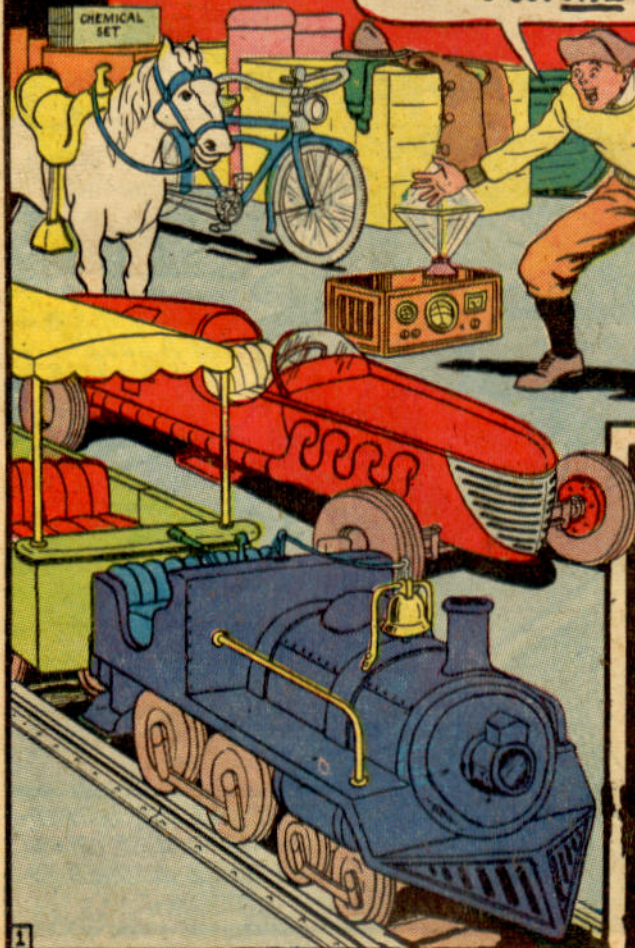
Alias
"THE Chameleon!"

PETE AND RAGSY MURPHY—THE ORPHAN LAD WHO HELPED PETE RECOVER HIS FORTUNE—ARE AT PETE'S GREAT COUNTRY ESTATE AFTER HAVING SETTLED ACCOUNTS WITH THEIR ARCH-ENEMY, DOCTOR KNIFE.... PETE IS JUST SHOWING RAGSY PART OF HIS REWARD FOR HELPING IN THE AFFAIR....
WATCH—!!

JIMMINY KRISMASS!!!

DIS STUFF! ALL DIS STUFF—FOR ME !!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDDO!! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT TRAIN? YOU CAN DRIVE IT RIGHT OUT OF HERE AND ALL AROUND THE ESTATE!



YOU DID ME A SERVICE, MATE, THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET! I WANT YOU TO LIVE HERE WITH ME AND ENJOY THIS STUFF TILL YOU'RE DIZZY! OKAY?

AW—PETE—CUT DE MUSH! I DIDN'T DO NOTHING! BUT I'M WID YOU, PAL! CAN I SHOOT DE WOIKS NOW?

LEAPING INTO THE TRAIN, RAGSY BEGINS A JOYOUS RIDE BRINNING HAPPILY, PETE WATCHES, A FAINT STIRRING OF BOYISH DREAMS IN HIS HEART

LOOK AT HIM GO!

CLANG!

CLANG!

CLANG!

I'M DREAMIN'!
I'M DREAMIN'!

GOSH—I WISH I WAS A KID AGAIN! WHAT FUN! WONDER IF I'D LOOK LIKE A FOOL IF 'I TOOK A WHIRL AT SOME OF THOSE GADGETS?

TOOT-TOOT!
HERE COMES
CASEY AT DE
T'RATTLE!

CLANG!
CLANG!

I'M OFF ME NUT!!
DIS AIN'T ME! IT'S
SOME OTHER KID!!
GANG-WAY!

ZOOM—!

PANG!
PANG!

HAPPILY, RAGSY TRIES TO
SAMPLE ALL HIS TREASURES
IN ONE BIG SPREE!

YIPPEE!
'I'M A ROVIN'
COW-BOY!

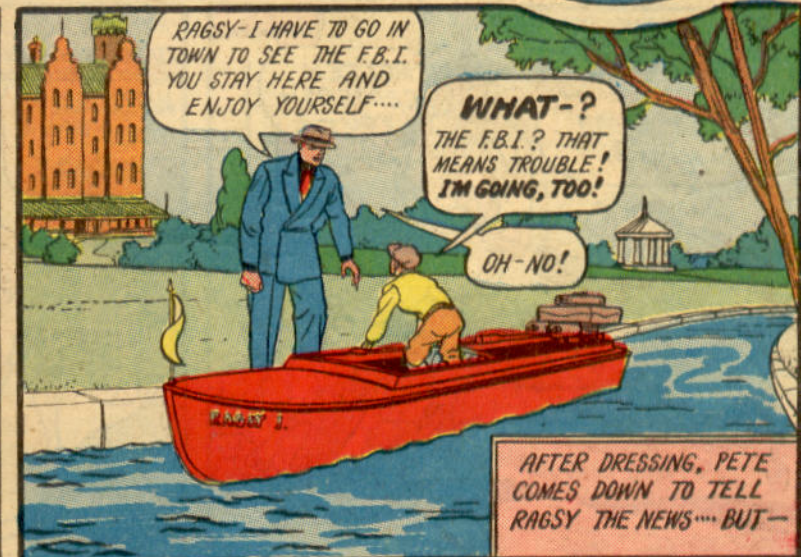
HEY!
RAGSY—!

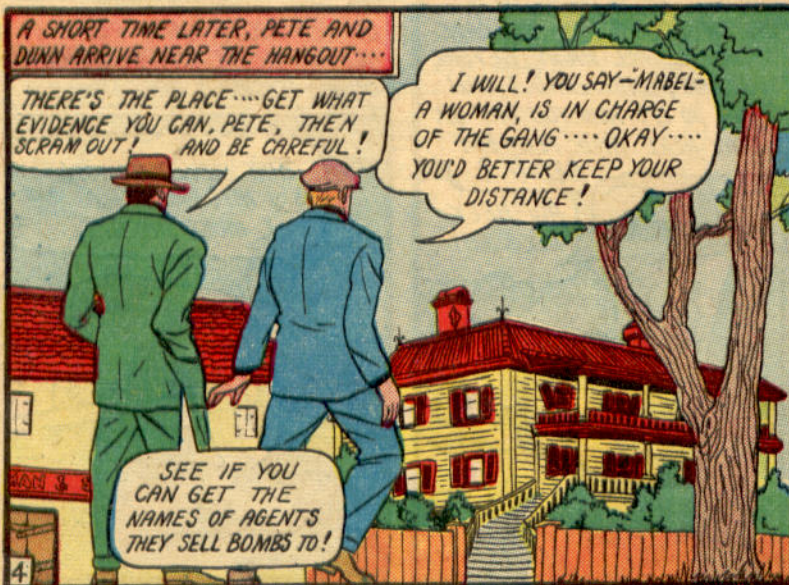
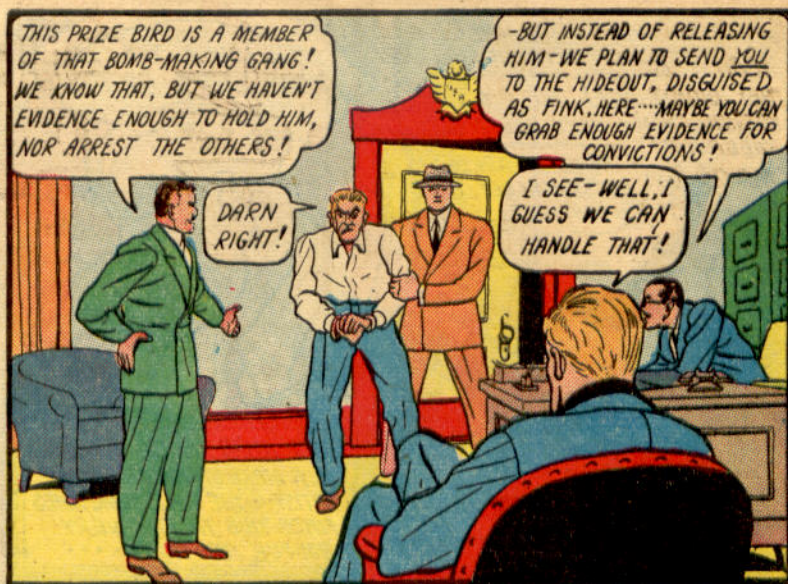
I WANTA
WALLOP AROUND
WITH YOU!!
LET'S GET
THE BOAT
OUT!

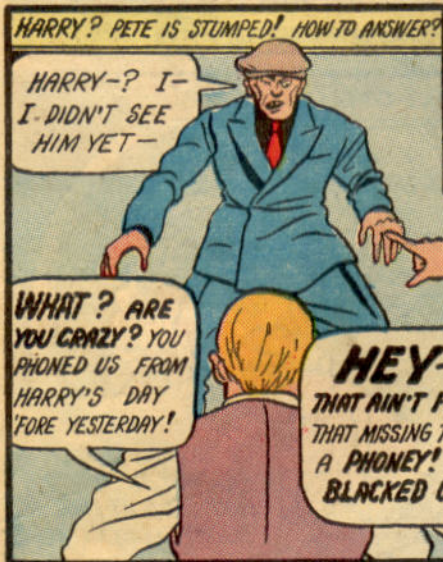
SUDDENLY, PETE CAN
CONTROL HIS BOYISH
IMPULSES NO LONGER!
HE RACES AFTER
RAGSY

BR-R-RING!

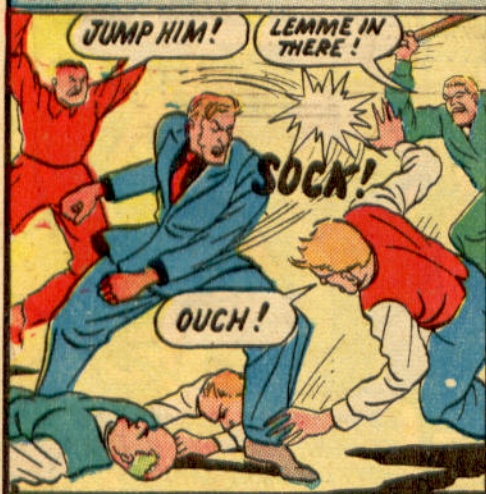
BUT AT THAT VERY INSTANT—
INSIDE THE HOUSE—A FATEFUL
PHONE CALL IS DESTINED TO
INTERRUPT







AS THE GANGSTER FALLS TO THE FLOOR, DEAD, PETE RISES TO BATTLE THE OTHERS....



JUMP HIM!

LEMMIE IN THERE!

SOCK!

OUCH!

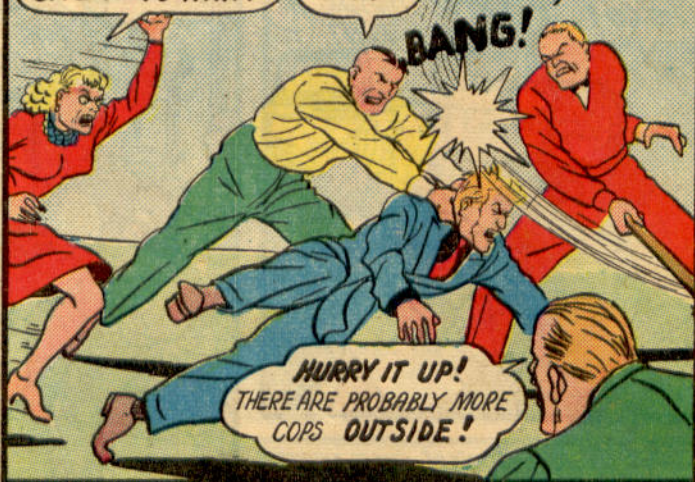
FOR A FEW SECONDS, HIS CHANCES LOOK GOOD, BUT SOON THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS CRUSHES HIM DOWN...

THE DIRTY STOOL! GIVE IT TO HIM!

HA!

THAT'LL FIX HIM!

BANG!



HURRY IT UP! THERE ARE PROBABLY MORE COPS OUTSIDE!

HEY, MABEL! JOE'S DEAD!

NEVER MIND! ANDY—GRAB THOSE ADDRESS FILES! WE'RE SCRAMMING!



WHY DON'T WE KILL HIS MUG?

PETE IS BOUND UP....

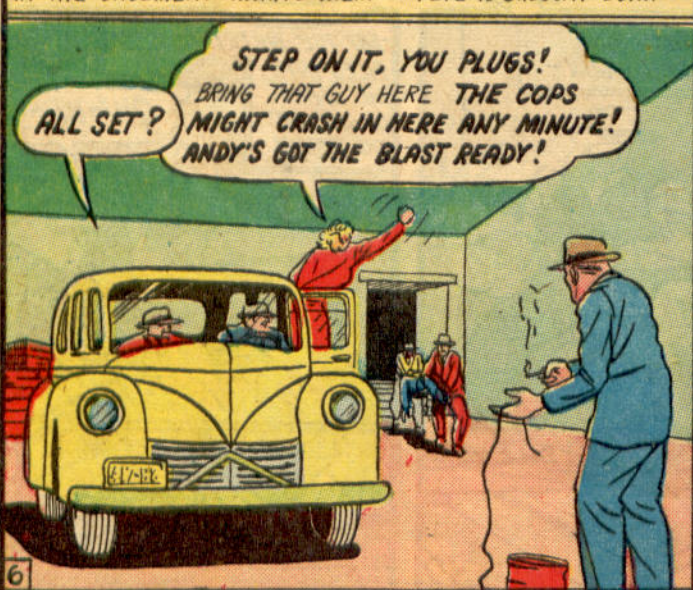
RAUCOUSLY, MABEL CRACKS OUT ORDERS....

THAT RAT MIGHT BE USEFUL! GET HIM INTO THE CAR! AND WE BETTER BEAT IT FAST! THESE COPS ARE SNOOPING TOO CLOSE!!



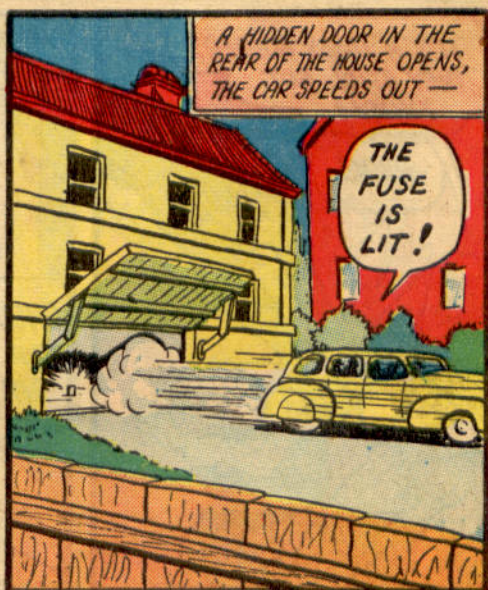
PUT EVERYTHING POSSIBLE IN THE CAR, THEN FIX A CHARGE TO BLOW THE DUMP WHEN WE LEAVE AND DESTROY ALL EVIDENCE! HURRY.

AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FRENZIED ACTIVITY, THE GANG IS READY TO ABANDON THE HANGOUT.... A CAR IN THE BASEMENT AWAITS THEM.... PETE IS BROUGHT DOWN....



STEP ON IT, YOU PLUGS! BRING THAT GUY HERE THE COPS MIGHT CRASH IN HERE ANY MINUTE! ALL SET? ANDY'S GOT THE BLAST READY!

A HIDDEN DOOR IN THE REAR OF THE HOUSE OPENS, THE CAR SPEEDS OUT —



THE FUSE IS LIT!

AND A FEW MINUTES
LATER, THE HOUSE GOES
SKY HIGH

THE F.B.I AGENT, DOWN THE
STREET, GAPES WITH PURE
HORROR

HOLY
CATASTROPHE!

-AND
PETE WAS
IN THERE!

BETTER CALL
THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG!

BEFORE THE ENGINES CAN ARRIVE,
THE HOUSE IS ALMOST COMPLETELY
GOBBLED UP BY HUNGRY FLAMES . . .

WOW!
LOOK AT IT
GO!

WHAT
HAPPENED?

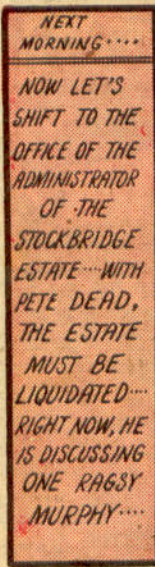
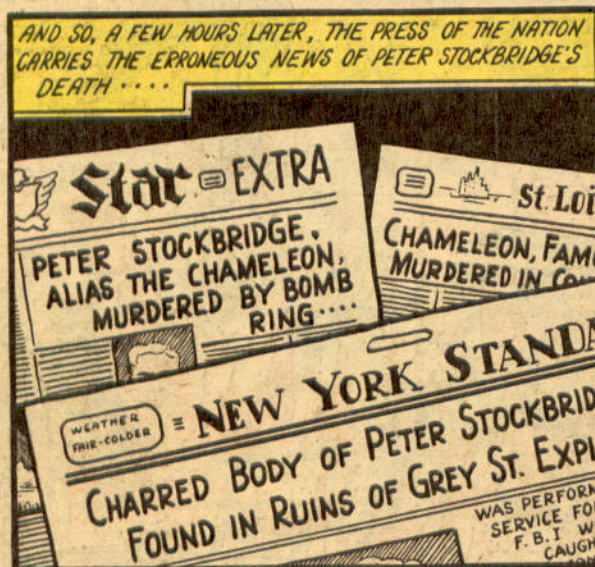
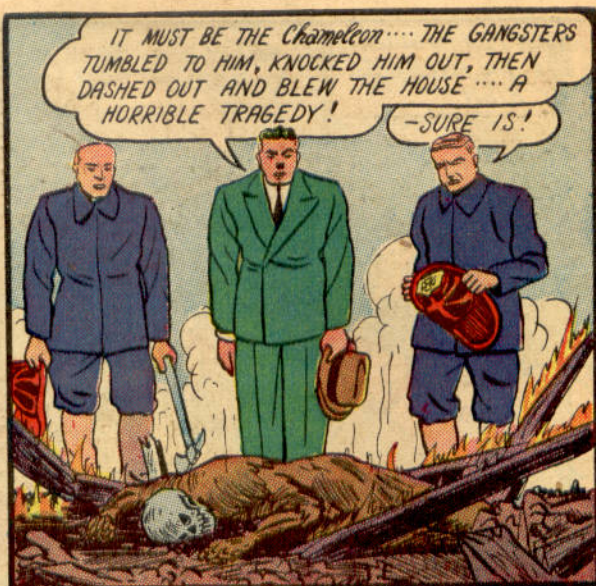
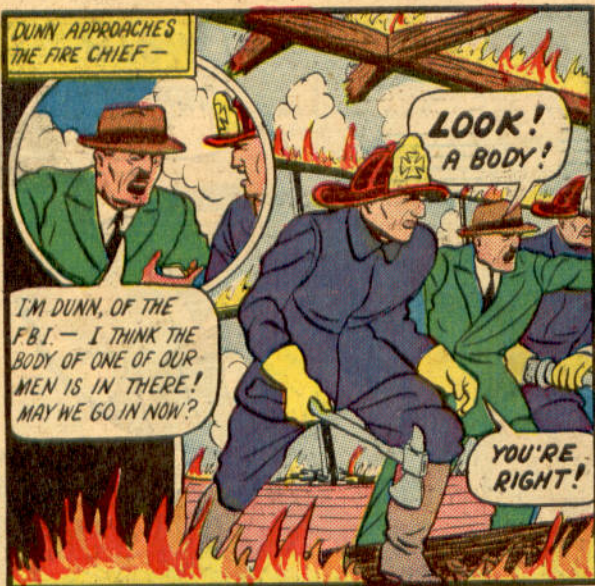
DESPERATELY,
THE FIREMEN
ATTEMPT TO KEEP
THE FIRE FROM SPREADING!

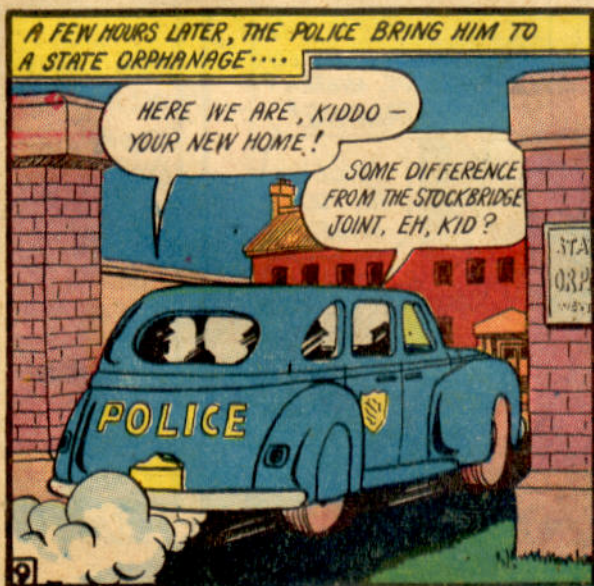
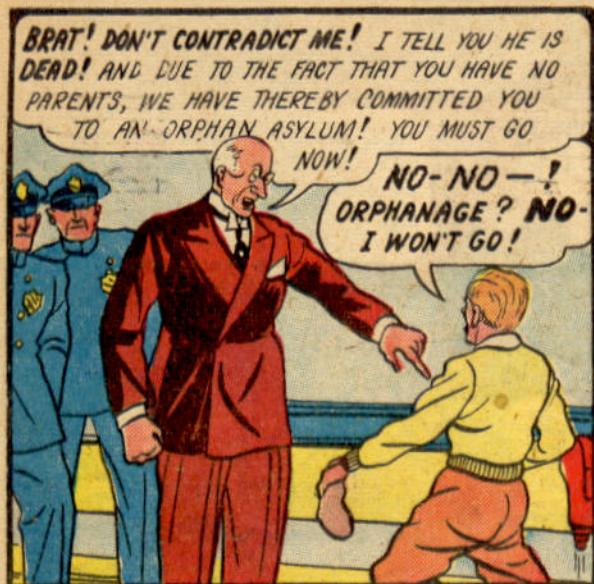
JEEPERS-
WHAT A
BLAST!

WATCH THAT
WAREHOUSE
ROOF!

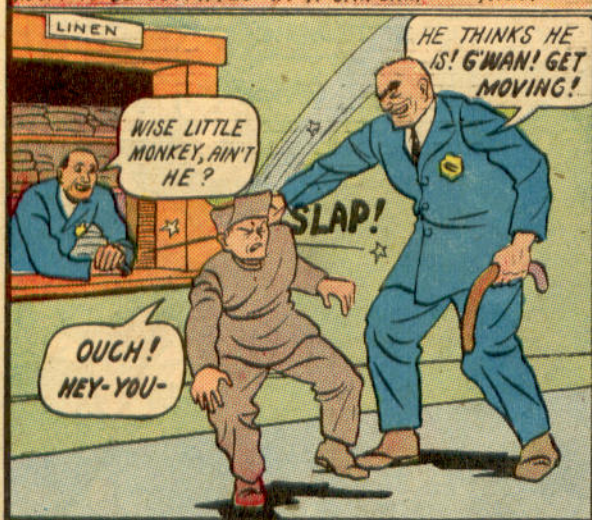
TIMBER
FALLING!

AND IN THE MIDST OF THE
INFERNO, THE LONE BODY OF
THE DEAD GANGSTER LIES
IN GRIM INDIFFERENCE . . .

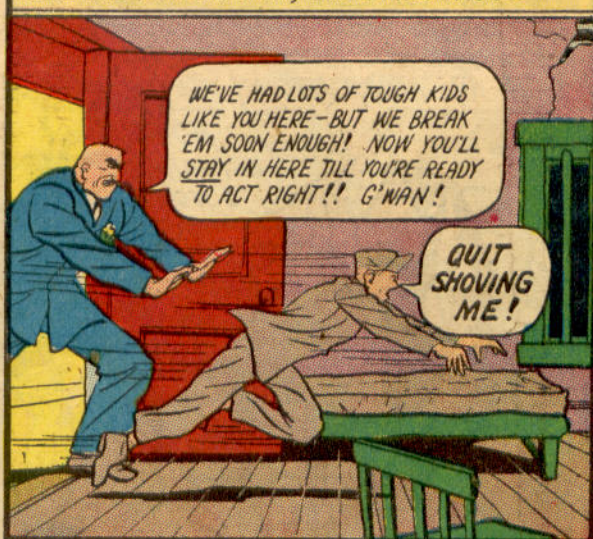




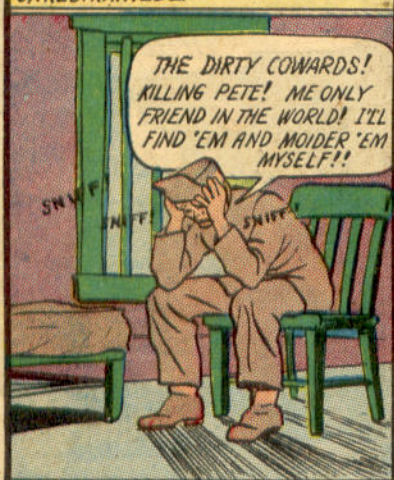
THE BRITISH GUARD TAKES RAGSY TO THE SUPPLY ROOM TO BE OUTFITTED IN A UNIFORM — THEN —



HE IS THROWN INTO A ROOM, AND LOCKED INSIDE



AT LAST, ALONE IN THE ROOM, RAGSY'S WILL BREAKS....HE BEGINS TO SOB UNRESTRAINEDLY



RIISING, HE GOES TO THE WINDOW!



HE MAKES THE GROUND, SCALES THE ORPHANAGE WALL AND SCOOTS OFF INTO THE NIGHT — FREE !!

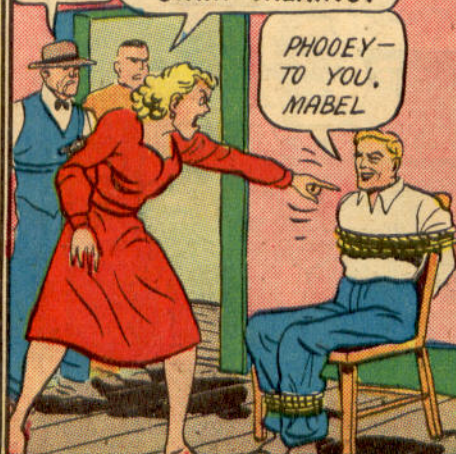


NOW, LET'S TAKE ONE LOOK AT PETE, STILL ALIVE, IN THE GANG'S NEW HIDEOUT—



AN-WHY DON'T WE BUMP HIM, MABEL!

WE WILL — AFTER HE TALKS! NOW HOW MUCH DO THE COPS KNOW ABOUT US, MISTER?? START TALKING!



AND THAT'S ALL FOR NOW! HOW WILL THIS EXCITING YARN END?

WILL PETE ESCAPE? WILL HE AND RAGSY FIND EACH OTHER AGAIN?

MORE.... IN NEXT MONTH'S

TARGET!



JIM DUSSEAU

Jim is a Detroit, Michigan boy and runs the Job Print Shop, same city.

READ WHAT HE SAYS!

Jim bought a press just like the one you see in the center. Is he tickled pink? Well—read how pleased he is! He writes us:

"My press is working fine! My friends and I are printing a newspaper at our summer home. It has four pages, with local news, and ads from nearby stores. It is called the Lake Erie Press, and is issued every two weeks. We are making profits, and I enclose a check for \$1.20 for more small letter type to match the capitals which I already have. Boy! What fun we're having with that press!"

JIM DUSSEAU

"P.S.: Please send the type to my dad's office."

JIM'S DAD BOUGHT HIS PRESS!

Jim's dad came all the way from Detroit to buy Jim his press, so Jim could have fun, and make money. But you can order by sending coupon below.

ASK YOUR DAD to buy a press for you, if you haven't the money. He'll be glad to see you start learning something so useful, and making money for yourself!

OR GET THE GANG TOGETHER, and all chip in to buy this Super DeLuxe Press for the exclusive use of your club!

SEND NO MONEY—

unless you wish to. When the postman brings your press, pay for it, plus C.O.D. charges. Or send check or money order for \$12.09 with your order and save the C.O.D. charges.

MAIL THIS TODAY... Money back Guarantee for any Press not mechanically perfect.

Paste this coupon on Penny postcard.

Ask Dad to help you get started—he'll be glad to! **FREE GIFT** if you hurry! 2 Extra sets of type if you order the Big DeLuxe Press before Nov. 15. One set extra if you order one of the others by that time. If you send payment with order, you save C.O.D. charges.

Send me the Printing Press I check below:

- ☐ No. MO-108 Economy Model \$1.98
☐ No. MO-196 Master Special \$6.50
☐ No. MO-109 Economy Model \$2.98
☐ No. MO-197 Super DeLuxe Model \$12.09

All are postpaid, except for slight C.O.D. charge.

Name

Address

City & State

Send to: The TREASURE HOUSE Dept., 115 W. 19 St., N. Y. C.

BOYS! MAKE MONEY

THE WAY JIM DUSSEAU DOES

HAVE LOTS OF FUN, TOO!

Get Started In A Real Business Of Your Own

HAVE AN AMAZING ONE MAN PRINT SHOP LIKE JIM'S!

Boys! Read Jim's letter at the left, and then decide, *right now*, to get one of these wonderful presses. You, too, can get orders in your neighborhood

for labels, cards, tickets, announcements—and start making money for yourself. Your dad will be happy to see you start in business for yourself, the way ambitious Jim Dusseau did! And you will have lots of fun, because all presses use real type, real printers' ink. Really practical, and do good quality work. Get one, and see the money you make!

Or let the Gang buy one, and print the Club's Secret Newspaper, Secret Codes, Stage Money, Secret Badges. You can have these in professional looking style, and yours will be the best club for miles around!

ALL PRESSES

COME COMPLETE

Outfits include supply of type, paper, ink, ink brush and other necessary items.

EARN WHILE

YOU LEARN

Make money while you learn printing by getting orders in your neighborhood. Many big men got their start thru printing. Maybe *you'll* like it enough to work with printing later on!

OTHER PRESSES

TOO!

If you cannot get the big press in the center, you should buy one of these to get started. No. MO-108 has a Chase size of 1 3/4" x 3" and does dandy work! This one is only **\$1.98**

No. MO-109 is another bargain; it's 11" high and has a Chase size of 2 1/2" x 4". Approximately 120 type characters come with the press. This model is a real value at only **\$2.98**

No. MO-196 is a large press for all kinds of particular printing. The Chase size is 2 1/2" x 5 1/2" (post card size); press is ruggedly constructed of all steel, cross-beamed for greater rigidity. Hi-pressure double toggle. Outfit includes about 240 type characters. This is a real press—and the cost is only **\$6.50**

Hurry! Get Your Free Gift by Ordering Promptly!

HERE'S THE PRESS JIM USES TO PRINT THE LAKE ERIE NEWS!



SPECIAL!
NOW ONLY
\$12.09

- Takes 8" x 11" Paper
- Made of solid iron and steel

- Automatic Inker
- Large Kit of Type
- Double Rollers

SUPER DELUXE MODEL

— Weighs 20 Lbs. —

The Super DeLuxe Model is designed for professional-type printing. Our finest grade press, ready for a wide variety of work, yet simple enough for a boy to operate. Each press is made with Automatic Inker and Rotating Ink Disc, obtaining greater speed. From a few hundred to a thousand or more copies per hour can be run. Complete outfit, ready to use, consists of ink, upper and lower case Gothic type, paper, brush, furniture and materials for locking up type and all other necessary equipment. Deluxe in every way.

SEND FOR YOURS BEFORE NOV. 15th AND GET TWO EXTRA SETS OF TYPE FREE!



MAGICAL ITEMS TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

Intriguing

Fascinating

Eye Appealing

MO-192 50c

The uncanny Vibo mystery that whirls and twirls at your command.

The Long mystery that fools your eyes.

"Doggie" the hound of a problem . . . that will keep your friends busy.

Mysterious card tricks...teasing mental problems . . . and many others.



A 48-PAGE CATALOG PICTURED ABOVE MAILED FREE WITH EACH BAG-O-TRICKS ORDER.

AUTOMATIC DIME REGISTER BANK MO-158

Put a dime in this bank every day and watch the total grow! The first dime put in locks the bank . . . the last one unlocks it . . . and by that time you'll have \$10.00 saved! Automatic recorder shows amount in the bank at all times. Yours for only

15c

MO-193

SIREN WHISTLE

Colored bakelite. A real long distance siren. Folks can hear you coming when you blow this one.

15c

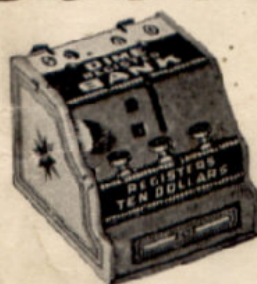
MO-145 MYSTERY WRITING OUTFIT

These are the days of secret messages. This outfit contains invisible ink, developer and a Code-a-graph. Make up your own secret code—then mystify your friends.

25c



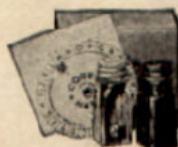
MO-193



MO-158



MO-194



MO-145



MO-143



MO-139

GENE AUTRY RING MO-139

Adjustable shank for any finger size. Sides decorated with horse shoe, lariat and cowboy hat

15c

(button included)

MO-194 HANDLE GRIPS

You need these for your bike. Notches for your fingers. Will fit any handle bar

19c pr.

MO-144 GOOD LUCK RING

Some people believe this ring does bring good luck. Why not try it? Fits any finger

12c



MO-144

MO-143 CHECKER GAME

A real game, pocket size. When folded, is only 3 1/4" square. Checkers, included, cannot slide off board

20c

MO-124

BILLFOLD AND COIN PURSE

More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Card pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped. RUBBERIZED LEATHER

35c

MO-124A

GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER

47c

MO-195

THE GRETSCH HUMANATONE

The old favorite—anyone can play it. A funmaker and a music-maker for parties. Playing instructions included

15c



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